# TOC H JOURNAL

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Note:

Included with this issue is *The Eighteenth Annual Report of Toc H.*

VOLUME XVII. NUMBER 4

A Public Garden on the wayside, made on waste ground by Toc H at Arnside (South Westmorland District).

# AROUND THE MAP

CRISIS did not end (as we tried emphatically to say in this JOURNAL last December) on the day the Munich agreement was signed and the gas-masks put away in the cupboard. On the fever-chart of Europe ever since 1914 the patient's temperature has never been steady for long. It rushed up to a high peak suddenly in May, 1938, and to a still higher one in September. Immediately after it seemed, by contrast, almost sub-normal, and many people were content to say "That's that." But in March, 1939, it leapt again, overnight, to almost greater heights. At the time of writing, it wobbles at danger levels; it may come steadily down, or it may run right over the edge of the chart (for charts are made only for fluctuations you can imagine—and modern war is beyond imagination) into death and disaster.

* * * *

The worst element in the present peak of "crisis" is that confidence lies dead already, and we cannot see how it is to be brought to life again. "Munich" gave us much cause for relief, as it gave us much cause for shame. Its best legacy seemed at the moment to be a pledged word which might give Peace a chance at last. That word is broken beyond repair, the pledge is torn up, and the world has slid a long way further towards a Dark Age. Some people are saying, "Well, anyway we know where we are now: never trust these people again." But we don't know where we are—except that we are still called "to seek the mind of Christ," however hard the case. If we cannot somehow trust these people, who have sometimes had no cause to trust us, we are not seeking that Mind, we are as men without hope.

* * * *

Trust whom? If we cannot trust the Leader (and that is now out of the question), can we trust the people he is, we strongly believe, misleading. A remarkable feature of the time is that, while our feeling about the Nazi system has hardened into loathing, the feeling of the ordinary Englishman as he meets the ordinary German has, in most cases, not vitally changed. We want to be friends, on both sides, and again and again, we find it not only possible but still easy. Hitler has always denied (as he is bound by his theories to do) that there is any distinction between the German Government and the German people: "I am Germany," he says, very loud, among flags and marching men. But one German after another—and those among the best and sincerest of men—passionately asserts (when he is certain the Gestapo is out of earshot) that the distinction is actual and has been greatly increased by recent events. Such men, again and again, confess themselves deeply ashamed of the Jewish persecution and of the concentration camps, of which they admit the facts which they tried at first not to believe. Many of them are terribly disturbed by the latest European adventure, which they regard as both unjustifiable and a most dangerous mistake. We on our side, if we are honest, confess to mistakes and injustices towards these men in the miserable relations between nations

in the last twenty years of false peace. There is common ground—let us stand firmly upon it in this very dark moment. Friendship now meets a hard test, and between some Englishmen and some Germans would survive the hardest. We must get together where we can, for "peace among men of goodwill" is still the law of God.

* * * *

In last month's JOURNAL "a Note on Unemployment" forecast a series of articles in these pages on the subject. The first of these appears this month on page 115. Its aim is to state some "first principles," for until the mind and conscience of the nation takes firm hold of these, the most tremendous and tragic of its internal problems will continue to be patched and not solved. "Tremendous" and "tragic" are not idle words, but the actual truth of them is not yet even remotely realised by great numbers of people living in prosperous parts of the country. We confront a most complicated problem which demands harder thinking than many of us have yet given to it. Revival in the Special Areas and the chance of real life returning to individuals, families and whole communities, now out of work, can only come through a radical change in the nation's—that is in *our*—thinking about unemployment. We must be prepared for the likelihood that such thinking may lead us towards far-reaching political and economic changes. And the most revolutionary change of all will be needed in our conception and our practice of Christian Fellowship. "Who is my neighbour?" When we see clearly who he is, can we love him as ourselves, with all the sacrifice of self-interest which that will imply? If so, a solution to the great problem of our unemployed neighbour will, at whatever cost, be found.

* * * *

What has Toc H so far done about unemployment? Several thousand members, themselves in work, have been moved to acts of compassion towards men who are out of work. These efforts—the collection of funds, the supply of boots and cast-off clothing, of Christmas parcels, of milk to school children—have brought some of the givers into personal touch with some who receive their gifts, and given them at least a glimpse of conditions which have shocked and surprised them. No one questions the enthusiasm which has carried these efforts through, but so far they have been local and spasmodic, usually unrelated to each other and sometimes overlapping the work of other agencies. These efforts do their "bit," but they do not offer a solution of the problem of unemployment, for they do not reach down to its causes or touch more than the fringe of its effects. A member living in a most distressed part of the country and trying to study the problem with a small group of well-qualified friends, gives it as his opinion that "charitable help does alleviate slightly the material hardship of a few, but, far from clarifying and correcting the causes, it obscures them still more. For men use the giving of charity as a means of escape from their real responsibility for permitting the continued existence of such a great and vicious problem as unemployment." This will seem a hard saying to those members who are now doing what they can in the only ways they see open to them. It is certainly not to discourage good-will, initiative and effort that articles in the JOURNAL on unemployment are being attempted. What we want to do, if we can, is to look at the shape of the main problem, to set our own limited efforts against this vast background and to see how they fit—or do not fit—the real needs of the case and our own powers. Most of all, we want to make every reader con-

*Toc H Hall, Weymouth Branch.*

scious of an evil so entrenched among us that up to now the nation has not dared to face it in the mood which spells victory.

* * * *

Every unit which has tried it out, knows what a difference it makes to have "a room of one's own." It not only gives the chance to hang up the familiar pictures and to put the Lamp or Rushlight in a place of honour, but to hold meetings in an atmosphere of home and also to entertain friends and do jobs for many kinds of people. Weymouth Branch count themselves specially lucky in this respect, for they possess no mere "loft" or "dug-out" but a hall of their own. It was built for them at the expense of the mother of one of the members. When they received the offer of a stated sum of money they were faced with two alternatives—to have a smaller hall, finished complete, or a larger one in which they could save the difference by doing all the decoration themselves. They wisely chose the second alternative and tackled the work—and in so doing, as many another unit can testify, a Branch is helped to "find" itself. There were electricians, carpenters and painters in the Branch and these jumped into the foreman's jobs; the rest of the members were "up to their eyes in paint for weeks." At last (some months ago now) came the opening day. The Governor of the Borstal Institution at Portland performed the ceremony, in the presence of 200 local friends who had helped with gifts of equipment or cash. It was, they say, "a real Toc H evening," with plenty of fun and solemn moments. Next night they had a more intimate "housewarming" for the members of neighbouring units, and the night after they entertained old-age pensioners and laid the foundations of a day-time Veterans' Club on the premises. If you want to know where the premises are, look out for the Toc H "pub-sign" against the sky next time you are in Weymouth (see next page).

Many more people, we are continually discovering, would gladly come nearer to

*Weymouth's "pub-sign against the sky."*

Toc H and help it, if they only knew about it. Quite often, when chance or a little thought on the part of a member brings them into touch, they will tell you that it is what they have been looking for for years. There is indeed no section of the community to which we ought not to give the opportunity of knowing what Toc H is and does and of helping it forward if they so wish. One such effort to gather together some of those who are already our Builders and friends and some who might become so, is planned for a fine Summer's day (we hope), a garden party to be held at Hampton Court on July 19. Her Majesty the Queen has promised to be present. In order to make this known and to prepare for it, a series of "At Homes" are being held in London. The first, a very pleasant affair, was held at 10, Downing Street, on March 9. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, who has been in friendly touch with Toc H for some time, was, naturally, to have been hostess in her own house but was prevented by illness. The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, President of L.W.H. and a very staunch friend of Toc H, therefore did the honours. She took the chair for Harry Willink, who talked to the many guests about Toc H. There was a miniature charge of press photographers when one of the guests emerged at the end. They all wanted to catch Miss Gracie Fields against the unusual background of the most famous door in Europe, and they caught her—but missed the policeman on duty who came over bashful when invited to be her partner. The second and third of these "At Homes" to the seekers after the truth about Toc H have also taken place. At these the truth was told them by Padres Michael Coleman and Pat Leonard.

* * * *

When Bill Farthing, one of the redoubtable five "Linkmen" who have recently girdled the earth for Toc H, visited the North-West Frontier of India, he found in Rawalpindi what a previous visitor had described as "one of the loveliest bits of work done by the family in India." This is the Shelter for distressed and homeless Europeans and Anglo-Indians, which made its first very modest home in 1933 in a disused railway carriage. It was started by a Station Superintendent of the North Western Railway, Wally Matthews, who acted as its warden until 1936, when he retired from the Railway, and came home for the Coming-of-Age Festival, hoping to realise his dream of "a cottage in the country," to be more precise, at Loudwater in his own corner of Hertfordshire. But the news was cabled home to

him that an appeal for a permanent Shelter had succeeded and that the brave building was going up. So, in September, 1937, he and Mrs. Matthews turned back to Rawalpindi, unable to keep away from their job, and there Bill Farthing " spent some hours he will never forget with the warden and his wife." "What is more" (says *The Lamp* of India), "arriving in Rawalpindi, Wally was surprised to find there was no Toc H functioning. He set to, rallied one or two others and re-kindled the Lamp." And now at last he and his wife feel free to retire, leaving behind them the Shelter as an accomplished fact, already almost free of debt. They are due this month in England and should be certain of a warm welcome by Toc H at home.

* * * *

Talking of those " Linkmen "—their story (as told in Special Numbers of this JOURNAL in July, 1938, and February, 1939) seems to be suffering from the same confusion as Goethe's autobiography, which he called *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—"Poesy and Truth," not being quite sure in the end, it seems, which parts of it were which. The adventures of the five " Linkmen," in the main, were the merest fact; they themselves (so those who strung together the record of their travels fondly supposed) were characters of fiction. But this seems not to be the case. For there have been tentative enquiries whether Bill Farthing could come and talk at a Guest-night about India. Next, a member of the staff, rather recently returned from New Zealand, talked the other evening to a meeting about his experiences and was accosted afterwards by a member who said, " I didn't know *you* had been in N.Z.; I thought it was a chap called Lord Robert Cantelope." And now we hear, on the best authority, from the North of England that the member taking " Light " in a certain unit the other evening prefaced the ceremony by saying, " To-night let us specially remember 'Grim,' who sent the five Linkmen round the world for Toc H." Our late well-loved fellow member Theophilus Grimston Brown, whose last service to us was the " Linkmen's " legacy, often seemed uncertain himself whether he was real or not. And, upon our honour, we are beginning to wonder too!

* * * *

The foundation of a Toc H Stamp Club was first proposed in the JOURNAL of December, 1929. The Club immediately came into existence and has never looked back. Its early success was due to the energy of its first secretary, J. H. Wake, who has since passed on. Both his sons, known in other directions in London Toc H, are keen philatelists and one of them, Jack Wake, is the Stamp Club's present secretary. The number of members in the Club is now over fifty, and the monthly " packets," each containing about forty " sheets " (or books) of stamps for sale between the members, make long journeys about the country before they return to the secretary's hands again. One of the rules of the Club has always been that 10 per cent. of all sales is deducted as a contribution to Toc H funds. Over and above these contributions by individual vendors, every packet sent out contains some sheets of stamps to be sold wholly for the benefit of Toc H funds. These are a gift from overseas members in various parts of the world who cannot, by reason of distance and difficulties of postage and insurance, receive the monthly packets themselves. Altogether the Stamp Club was able to hand to Toc H during the past financial year, over £24. A recent development is an evening meeting in London, about once a quarter, at which stamp collections are shown and some " specialist " among the members gives a talk—evenings which not only feed the interest of

the " fans " but make for real fellowship. Those readers who are immune from the excitement which lurks in little bits of coloured paper will regard all this as foolishness—but after all it is a hobby (or a disease) which attacks the sanest men, from royalty down through all ranks of society. There are hundreds of such sufferers in Toc H, and many more of them should get in touch with the secretary of the Toc H Stamp Club, J. J. Wake, 21, Parkwood Avenue, Esher, Surrey.

* * * *

Most months in most years there appears somewhere in the world a new Toc H news-sheet or local magazine. Some maintain a regular standard and have an honourable record of years of life. Others are practically still-born or die, chiefly from lack of nourishment, in early infancy. A new one has just joined, we hope, the first class—and yet it stands in a class of its own. For *The Tower Hill Review* (No. 1, March, 1939) is not a Toc H magazine or an All Hallows magazine or even a " Forty-two," Trinity Square or a Tower Hill Improvement magazine—and yet it is all these in turn and other things beside. It sets out to touch and explain and chronicle all the activities—and they are legion—which centre upon and around the historic Hill. The first number (first numbers are notoriously deceptive, but we hope we are not deceived by this one) gives an admirable sample of the variety of them in a dozen short " pieces." Cyril Pearson is the editor, Michael Coleman stands alongside him, and " Wag " of All Hallows Porchroom, Byward Street, E.C.3 (now adding an editorial office to its thousand and one functions) is business manager. The new *Review* is dressed in an apple-green cover and costs 6d. every two months. We welcome a " notable contemporary."

## " FIAT LUX "

*A correspondent, looking through a Victorian scrap-book which was put together about* 1882, *came upon some lines which he cut out and sent to the Editor. Light has been a symbol with many meanings to people in every age, and the use of the Lamp in Toc H falls into its place among these. In this case it has a simple personal meaning. Here is the cutting:—*

The following beautiful lines were presented by Lady Dufferin to her son on his twenty-first birthday, with a silver lamp, on which was inscribed " Fiat Lux " (*Let there be light!*) :—

At a most solemn pause we stand.
From this day forth, forever more,
The weak but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.

Then as through life thy footsteps stray,
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
Let there be light upon thy way,
And holier guidance far than mine

Let there be light in thy clear soul
When passions tempt and doubts assail;
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
Let there be light that shall not fail.

So angel-guarded may'st thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind!

And pray that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer—when life is past—
May see and know thy blessèd face
In God's own glorious light at last.

# THE QUIET MIND—II.

*Last month we printed the first part of an address given by* LORD HORDER, *Physician-in-Ordinary to the King, before the Royal Society of Arts. In the first part he defined what he meant by the 'Quiet Mind' and stressed the need for it, especially in these restless and anxious days. In this concluding part he tells us of some ways of attaining it. We reprint the address by the kind permission of* The Lecture Recorder, *in which it first appeared.*

### Examples of the Quiet Mind

I can do no more than give you glimpses of some who seem to me to have had this quality of the Quiet Mind. There was Socrates, drinking his draught of hemlock. And Galileo, though he had a slight lapse, as happens to the best of us. And Luther, with his "So help me God, I can do no other." And, in a very different connection, Francis Drake in that thrilling scene on Plymouth Hoe. And Abraham Lincoln and the younger Pitt, both so certain of their power to save their country. And there was Canning, who would have made some comment when they woke him to tell him we were at war with everybody, had he not been so sleepy. There were those Quakers, whom the Indians found sitting quietly at their prayer-meeting, so undisturbed and undismayed that their fierce victors, fascinated, sat down beside them. And there was this quality about Livingstone in South Africa, and Gordon at Khartoum, and Elizabeth Fry in Newgate Gaol.

In quite another sphere Pasteur possessed it, doggedly pursuing his researches against all opposition, to be followed by the Curies, labouring on whilst the rain dripped through the ramshackle roof of their workroom (pathetically called their laboratory) on to their crucibles below. And there have been many others who achieved this coveted end and, by virtue of it, were leaders of men. They were able to drop "still dews of quietness" as they made their way amongst their fellows. They brought with them a coolness and a balm, and their fellows blessed them because of their tranquillity and themselves became quieter and stronger. For the weak recognise the strong and lean upon them. When the strong arrive panic departs.

### Tidying Up the Mind

When we deplore the lack of a national leader, what is it that we really want unless it be this Quiet Mind?

But of these examples I have quoted, it may be said: "These were great, as well as quiet, minds. Can we also achieve it?" And the answer is "Yes." But how? Well, not by doing "some great thing." "Why were the saints saints?" someone asked. And the answer came: "Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, and patient when it was difficult to be patient. They pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk." That was all. So simple, but so difficult.

So many of us unload on to our bodies, seeing in them deterrents from mental hygiene. "Make my body well," says one, "and I will tidy up my mind." And the answer so often is: "Tidy up your mind and your body *will* be well." "But what *is* the matter with me?" asks another, and the cryptic reply comes: "your face . . . break up that set and furrowed brow before it is too late," and a quotation from William James, who held that we don't smile because we're happy, we are happy because we smile (that indissoluble partnership I spoke of just now). It is so long since some people have smiled that happiness and they have become strangers. Of them it cannot be said: "Then are they glad because they shall be quiet."

These are some of the signs by which we judge the *absence* of the Quiet Mind. There are others. "You don't think me nervy, do you, doctor?" fiddling with the inkpot and showing the bitten nails; or walking up and down the room instead of sitting in the obvious chair; or lying on the couch supporting the head in mid-air by the hand, though we have placed the cushion in position quite comfortably three times; or being unable to tell their story until they are allowed to smoke a cigarette? Not nervy, indeed!

This anxiety state must be resolved; that is the mental equivalent of breaking up the set and furrowed face. It may need some expert help though not as often as is nowadays supposed. The psycho-therapist himself, both amateur and professional, now and again needs to be extricated by common sense from the web of his own doctrinaire difficulties. You remember the story of Grimaldi, the clown? "Go and see Grimaldi," said the doctor to the anxious, nervy patient after hearing the recital of his woes. "But I *am* Grimaldi!" said the patient.

Well, there are things we can do, and some of them might even be called "First Aid"—remedies that any fool can apply. Relaxing, and all that. *Why* are your muscles so tense? *Why* do you fidget so? *Why* are you so restless? *Why* do you walk up and down and repeat yourself so often? *Why* do you escape from yourself by so much talk—and then complain that you are always tired?

### Obliterating the Past

At this and at every moment in Time there are things to do, physically and mentally. NOW is what matters. Don't spend it over that residue of old troubles which has either never been properly buried or which is still frequently exhumed for morbid examination. "But how can you expect me to be fit?" says one of you, "when I had that severe illness fifteen years ago?" Or "that operation which took so long to do, and left the surgeon so tired?" It may be necessary in the case of the psycho-neurote that he and his doctor should delve into the unconscious for that hidden memory which still holds his mind in chains. With most of us the converse applies: freedom comes through a blessed forgetfulness.

Then there is that important matter of routine in the mental life. Just as there is such a thing as occupational fitness on the physical side, which makes "jerks" unnecessary, so there is occupational fitness on the mental side. Every man's mind should be so engaged at 9 o'clock in the morning that, if it were not, he would either miss his next meal or let someone else down very badly, or (preferably) both.

There are many old maxims which are applicable to this business of self-discipline, and none of them should be despised because it is old. It is easier to get a hearing for things that are new than to get conviction for things that have been said already. All the same, I do not want this address to drift into a homily. Suffice it to say that the attainment of control has no new technique and, indeed, no royal road. There is one last thing to say about it, however, and that is this: just as in physical training, so here, the finer technique which comes later comes both more easily and more smoothly and the results are much more interesting.

It must be allowed that the conditions for embarking upon mental hygiene are by no means so helpful as they were when the Stoics undertook the task.

### Necessary Solitude

There seems no doubt whatever that a certain aloofness, a withdrawing of the mind at times from the busy-ness of life is a requisite to mental hygiene. The philosophers have always insisted upon this, and

the Christian Church has enjoined and practised quiet meditation in solitude for centuries. The most modern of all religious groups makes the "quiet hour" a *sine qua non*. The apostle Mark, in his matter-of-fact way, explains that the reason Jesus bade the disciples to "come into a desert place" was because "there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure." The trouble is that even a fragment of "life which is private, hidden, solitary, closed to public view, becomes more difficult every day." "The situation has certain characteristics which are obvious to the senses. Noise in the street, for instance—the street has become stentorian. One of the privileges which man used to take for granted was silence. Now his right to a certain amount of silence is recognised no more. The street penetrates into our own private corners and fills them with public clamour." "He who wishes to meditate must get used to doing it submerged in the midst of a public racket, a diver in an ocean of collective noise, Man is never left alone by himself. Whether he likes it or not, he must be with others. The public square and the avenue force their anonymous clamour in through the very walls of his home."

(You will think these last few sentences are mine, because they voice a sentiment sympathetic to one of my own activities. But they are not mine; they are taken from a book by the Spanish writer, y Gasset.)

"Confronted with the unlimited public invasion, everything that used to signify reverence has become less and less important. Especially the theory that a man's house is his castle. Family life, that society in miniature erected outside of and opposed to society in the large, is reduced to a minimum. The more advanced a country is, the less important the family."

The herd instinct seems to have taken charge for the time being. Men "devote themselves passionately to whatever there is left in them of the sheep. They want to march through life together, along the collective path, shoulder to shoulder, wool rubbing wool, and the head down. This is the reason why so many European peoples are looking for a shepherd and a sheep dog."

We must recover our ability to be sometimes alone; it is imperative. Only our "seclusion must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in a conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at the closet door, and say: 'Come out unto us.' But keep thy state; come not into their confusion."

Some people side-track the pursuit of the Quiet Mind, as I have described it, either from laziness, or selfishness, or from mistaken zeal.

There are many ways of attempting an escape from the rigours attaching to mental hygiene, and there are many ways of escaping the responsibilities of using our minds in the service of others. Many of the methods may seem to justify themselves to the escapist. Escape may be made by the individual or by a group, by the single citizen or by a nation. Drink may be an escape for the individual, as dope may be. Hard and uninterrupted work, or play, all day long or, indeed, needless sleep. Illness of the factitious sort, with or without operations. On a higher plane it may be so ardent a pursuit of the religious life that no time is left to live it.

### The Under Dog

An individual, or a group, may excuse himself, or themselves, from participation in what may, and not without reason, be called a dog-fight in which others are engaged. But in most, though not in all, dog-fights there is an under-dog, and this

is a point that is so often conveniently overlooked. "But who is my neighbour?" . . . "A certain man . . . fell among thieves." A nation may preserve an isolationist attitude on the ground that a landslide in international probity elsewhere is sufficiently remote to excuse participation except by the ineffective expression of non-approval. But if a stand for integrity in international dealings is only made when it is clearly seen that the vested interest of that nation is directly and immediately concerned, the momentum gained by another nation that finds no opposition to methods of "violence and illegitimacy" may have become irresistible.

If one should ask "How is it that other social forces allow a triumph of juridical chaos?" the answer is "for the simple reason that no important social forces show an enthusiasm for the law as a live issue." "If there is no single institution which warms all hearts the victory goes to one which despises all existing forms and institutions and occupies itself with other things."

Any force is strong whose enemy is weak. That is what makes dictators strong. They are negative forces; they batten on the weakness of others. "For this reason they are essentially transitory—which does not necessarily mean that their stay will be short."

All this time you may be saying: "A quiet mind! A quiet mind with the world in its present state? Have you seen the morning paper? Have you seen the *evening* paper? You evidently didn't sit up to hear the latest news (copyright reserved)?" To which I reply, "It is *because* of the state of the world, and it is especially *because* of the morning and evening paper, that this Quiet Mind is so essential. It may just save the world—in spite of the morning and evening papers." . . . "Morning and evening we lay waste our powers. . . ."

There are other problems than the international problem; there is the problem of a man's own confused mentality, and there are confused domesticities, too. And children, how imitative they are, and how reliant upon strength and serenity in their seniors! What a disservice we shall be doing to the future if our children, who will form it, reflect the unquiet of our own minds. We dare not escape this individual responsibility of mental discipline and of the attainment of the Quiet Mind.

I spoke just now of isolationist countries. Does such a topical reference need excuse? Surely not. None of us can remain *spiritually* isolationist; none of us in this country has, thank God; but our maintenance of the Quiet Mind is unfortunately conditioned, especially just now, by things as they are in the world.

All the more vital is it that we should hold on to the spiritual values, and harbour them—not in "the old unquiet breast" but in a mind that strives all the more for "plainness and clearness without shadow of stain"—because these values have gone temporarily awry elsewhere.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

Canon D. Ivor Evans (Rio de Janeiro Padre) was consecrated to the order of Bishop in Westminster Abbey on February 24. He will be Assistant Bishop to the Bishop in Argentina and Eastern South America.

There is a change to report in the postings of three Padres. Padre Jim Lawrenson is to fill the Hull Chaplaincy from which Padre Henry Bursey will move to work in Mark IV and the Manchester Area. Padre Edward Downing will go from Manchester to the Herbert Fleming Chaplaincy in Birmingham.

The list of Legacies printed in the Annual Report includes the first instalment of a legacy left to Toc H by Mrs. M. A. L. Gray.



Congratulations to Ronald Anderson (Cape Province, Eastern Area, Secretary) on his engagement to Miss I. H. Schlengemann.

The attention of members appointed to serve on the home Area Executives, now entering upon their year of office, is drawn to the new and simplified "Constitution of Area Executives."

Secretaries are reminded that capitation fees in respect of all members who have renewed their membership of Toc H from January 1 this year should have reached the Registrar by March 31, and that all *bona fide* members should now be in possession of the current blue Membership Cards. This card is the only means open to a member of showing that he is in good standing on introduction to units and other members, who should realise their right of calling for its production without embarrassment on either side.

The following are congratulated on their promotion to Branch status: *Woodford* (Eastern London Area), *Rawalpindi* (India), *Kensington-Belgravia* (Transvaal, Southern Africa) and *Queenstown* (Cape Province, Southern Africa).

The following Groups have been recognised recently: *Blencathra Sanatorium* (Lakeland Area), *Abingdon, King's Langley* and *North-East Watford* (Chilterns Area), *Ashburton, Ngati-Awhina, Oamaru South* and *Tiroa* (New Zealand).

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

Abbitt.—On January 26, George Olley Abbitt, a member of Peterborough Branch. Elected 17.10.32.

Aldous.—On March 3, Stanley George Aldous, aged 58, a member of Shirley Branch. Elected 20.11.34.

Ankers. — On February 16, Herbert Charles Ankers, aged 54, a member of Newbury Branch. Elected 1.10.36.

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Crumpton.—On March 4, Thomas S. Crumpton, aged 58, a member of Redditch Branch. Elected 1.3.34.

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Hawkes.—On February 26, Terence G. H. Hawkes, a member of Barnsley Branch. Elected 5.2.29.

Lodge.—On February 8, after long illness, George Lodge, aged 68, Vice-Chairman of Ticehurst Branch. Elected 17.1.33.

Redhead.—On January 29, after long illness, Robert Redhead, a member of Whitley Group. Elected 21.6.32.

Roberts.—On February 18, John Roberts, a member of Dolgelly Branch. Elected 11.7.35.

Seager.—On February 16, Albert Seager ('Pop'), a member of Wimbledon Branch. Elected 28.1.38.

Thomas.—On March 2, John Arvon Thomas, a member of Dolgelly Branch. Elected 28.6.37.

Watson.—On January 5, Charles W. Watson, aged 53, an original member of Grange-over-Sands Group. Elected 18.1.33.

Wardlaw.—Hon. Alan Wardlaw, Member of Legislative Council of Tasmania, a Vice-President of Toc H Tasmania and member of the Area Executive.

is a point that is so often conveniently overlooked. "But who is my neighbour?" . . . "A certain man . . . fell among thieves." A nation may preserve an isolationist attitude on the ground that a landslide in international probity elsewhere is sufficiently remote to excuse participation except by the ineffective expression of non-approval. But if a stand for integrity in international dealings is only made when it is clearly seen that the vested interest of that nation is directly and immediately concerned, the momentum gained by another nation that finds no opposition to methods of "violence and illegitimacy" may have become irresistible.

If one should ask "How is it that other social forces allow a triumph of juridical chaos?" the answer is "for the simple reason that no important social forces show an enthusiasm for the law as a live issue." "If there is no single institution which warms all hearts the victory goes to one which despises all existing forms and institutions and occupies itself with other things."

Any force is strong whose enemy is weak. That is what makes dictators strong. They are negative forces; they batten on the weakness of others. "For this reason they are essentially transitory—which does not necessarily mean that their stay will be short."

All this time you may be saying: "A quiet mind! A quiet mind with the world in its present state? Have you seen the morning paper? Have you seen the *evening* paper? You evidently didn't sit up to hear the latest news (copyright reserved)?" To which I reply, "It is *because* of the state of the world, and it is especially *because* of the morning and evening paper, that this Quiet Mind is so essential. It may just save the world—in spite of the morning and evening papers." . . . "Morning and evening we lay waste our powers. . . ."

There are other problems than the international problem; there is the problem of a man's own confused mentality, and there are confused domesticities, too. And children, how imitative they are, and how reliant upon strength and serenity in their seniors! What a disservice we shall be doing to the future if our children, who will form it, reflect the unquiet of our own minds. We dare not escape this individual responsibility of mental discipline and of the attainment of the Quiet Mind.

I spoke just now of isolationist countries. Does such a topical reference need excuse? Surely not. None of us can remain *spiritually* isolationist; none of us in this country has, thank God; but our maintenance of the Quiet Mind is unfortunately conditioned, especially just now, by things as they are in the world.

All the more vital is it that we should hold on to the spiritual values, and harbour them—not in "the old unquiet breast" but in a mind that strives all the more for "plainness and clearness without shadow of stain"—because these values have gone temporarily awry elsewhere.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

Canon D. Ivor Evans (Rio de Janeiro Padre) was consecrated to the order of Bishop in Westminster Abbey on February 24. He will be Assistant Bishop to the Bishop in Argentina and Eastern South America.

There is a change to report in the postings of three Padres. Padre Jim Lawrenson is to fill the Hull Chaplaincy from which Padre Henry Bursey will move to work in Mark IV and the Manchester Area. Padre Edward Downing will go from Manchester to the Herbert Fleming Chaplaincy in Birmingham.

The list of Legacies printed in the Annual Report includes the first instalment of a legacy left to Toc H by Mrs. M. A. L. Gray.



Congratulations to Ronald Anderson (Cape Province, Eastern Area, Secretary) on his engagement to Miss I. H. Schlengemann.

The attention of members appointed to serve on the home Area Executives, now entering upon their year of office, is drawn to the new and simplified "Constitution of Area Executives."

Secretaries are reminded that capitation fees in respect of all members who have renewed their membership of Toc H from January 1 this year should have reached the Registrar by March 31, and that all *bona fide* members should now be in possession of the current blue Membership Cards. This card is the only means open to a member of showing that he is in good standing on introduction to units and other members, who should realise their right of calling for its production without embarrassment on either side.

The following are congratulated on their promotion to Branch status: *Woodford* (Eastern London Area), *Rawalpindi* (India), *Kensington-Belgravia* (Transvaal, Southern Africa) and *Queenstown* (Cape Province, Southern Africa).

The following Groups have been recognised recently: *Blencathra Sanatorium* (Lakeland Area), *Abingdon, King's Langley* and *North-East Watford* (Chilterns Area), *Ashburton, Ngati-Awhina, Oamaru South* and *Tiroa* (New Zealand).

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

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# *The Queue*

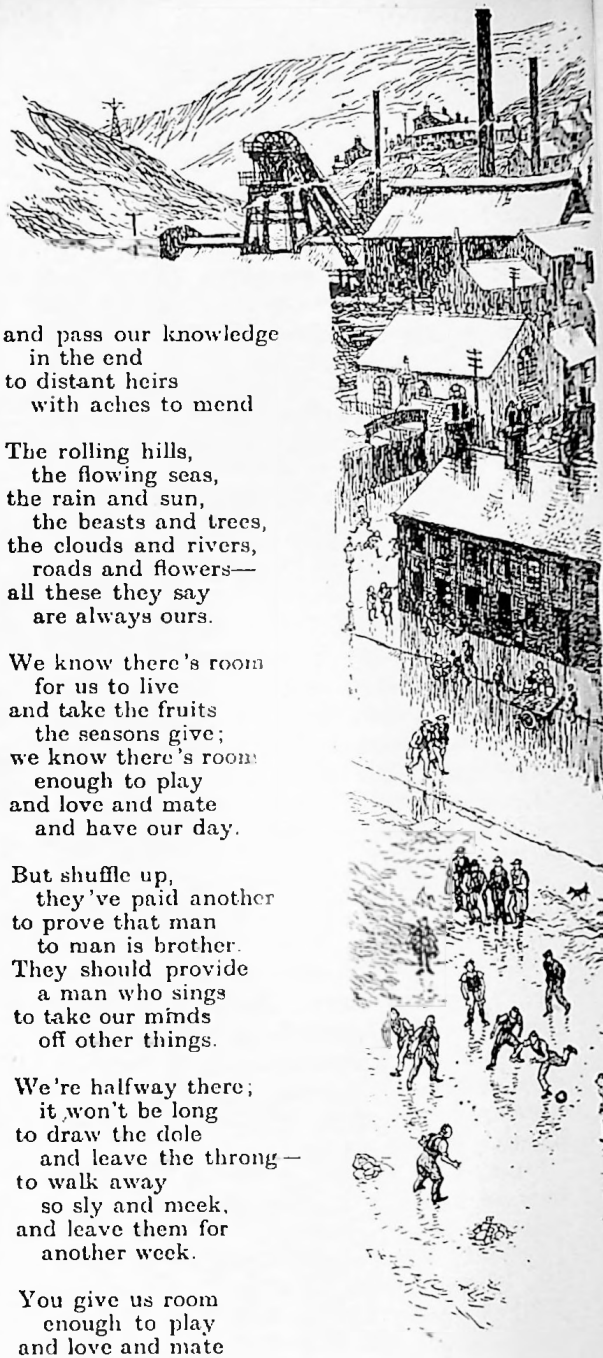
TAKE your turn
to draw the dole—
to pay for rent
and boots and coal,
to dress the kids
and buy the grub,
but not a farthing
for the pub.

Take your turn
to sign your name
like millionaires—
but not the same.
Take your turn—
you've got all day
It doesn't matter
if you stay.

A thousand men
who left the land
and from the works,
we quietly stand;
then shuffle up—
another's paid
for doing nothing
at his trade.

We've all the week
to rest our souls
and kick about
at mucky goals
and watch the traffic
streaming through,
why grudge an hour
in the queue?

We're born, we die,
our dreamings grow;
we eat and drink
and strive to know,



and pass our knowledge
in the end
to distant heirs
with aches to mend

The rolling hills,
the flowing seas,
the rain and sun,
the beasts and trees,
the clouds and rivers,
roads and flowers—
all these they say
are always ours.

We know there's room
for us to live
and take the fruits
the seasons give;
we know there's room
enough to play
and love and mate
and have our day.

But shuffle up,
they've paid another
to prove that man
to man is brother.
They should provide
a man who sings
to take our minds
off other things.

We're halfway there;
it won't be long
to draw the dole
and leave the throng—
to walk away
so sly and meek,
and leave them for
another week.

You give us room
enough to play
and love and mate
and have our day,
but still we cry
along the queue,
"For God's sake give us
work to do!"

# UNEMPLOYMENT

## I. Down to Bed-rock

*In this first article of a series on Unemployment which we hope to publish,* IAN FRASER, *Area Pilot of the Central and Experimental Areas of Scotland, stresses some main principles which need to be thought about, clearly grasped and firmly maintained if the greatest of our national evils is to be tackled at last with success. In later articles we shall deal with various aspects of the problem and the ways in which Toc H can offer its service with effect.*

IN recent weeks demonstrations by unemployed workers and an official announcement that unemployment is again in excess of the two million persons level have focused attention on this major social evil. It must be admitted that current events in the international sphere have recently dominated our thinking to the exclusion of matters of domestic policy. Can it be that because we have got so accustomed to the long continuance of the problem we have ceased to think about it? If this be the case, then indeed the national life is unhealthy. The real test of the democratic method of Government is the well-being of the people. For this, if for no other reason, the unemployment problem must be solved.

The totalitarian States have considerable achievements to their credit in dealing with unemployment. They have provided some form of basic social security for a vast number of people who feel that they are now part of a living society, and can, at any rate within certain prescribed limits, be sure of continuous purposeful activity. On the other hand, the democracies continue to hedge round their failure to provide work with worthy aspirations and pious hopes. Obviously in the light of European achievements the problem is capable of a solution. Indeed, it is probably true that in Britain alone there are enough schemes filed in Government archives to ensure an adequate solution in this country. Any honest examination of the problem reveals that all our previous attempts at action have failed mainly on grounds of expediency, and not because of damage to "public interest" or technical difficulty.

### "Men before Things"

Put quite brutally, what has happened is this: that where the solutions propounded demanded for their success a disturbance in our existing property relationships, we have feared to hazard our private interests in the larger issue of the social good. In other words, we have acted as though things were more important to us than men, and have preferred our property to our liberty. It is here, I believe, that Toc H joins issue with the problem. If we claim to have a universal principle which is valid for life, it surely has application with equal reality to what has become known as the problem of unemployment. If this be true (and I believe it is) our effective witness in the world will be demonstrated by our ability to handle material things in a new and responsible way. We shall at all times put men before things, and liberty before property. We are committed to the task of helping to produce a new and active Christian sociology, and this will not be done by the mere reiteration of a religious phraseology, however attractive it may sound. We must hammer out the principles which we profess in terms of an active application to the real world of property, money and industry; a sociology which subordinates private interest to public good, and which is prepared to lead and act in the undoubtedly painful and dangerous process of transition which this will involve.

I do not for a moment regard the time and energy involved in the practice of Subsistence Production Schemes and personal service with the unemployed as wasted and useless. It is probably through such schemes that we get our personal anxiety and sense of responsibility, but while these must go on, in themselves they are not enough.

The first condition of attack undoubtedly is to clear our own minds about the principles involved. Are we really convinced that people are more important than property? Having become clear about principles, the next step is to understand the historical forces at work to-day in order that we may effectively relate our principle of action to the real world. Then we ought to seek to create an effective liaison between ourselves and other organisations which have a real concern about the problem. This of course would include Unemployed organisations, Social Service societies and political parties. This ought to be done whether or not we believe in the solutions propounded by such groups of people. Only thus can we rally the tremendous amount of goodwill which exists.

### The first Steps

To sum up:

1. We ought to clarify our own minds concerning the principles that are violated by the existence in our midst of two million men without work.

2. We ought to rally all men in our own community who have a real concern about this situation, in order that a still wider community may be made aware of its urgency. We ought actively to support any constructive experiments that are being made to meet the real needs of unemployed men.

3. By active participation in party politics, we ought, as speedily as possible, to permeate all parties with the recognition that this unemployment constitutes a real national emergency.

To hand over the problem to a body of experts would be to commit democratic suicide. Experts will be needed, but their job is to advise on the technical issues raised by the application of the principles which an informed democracy feels must govern any permanent solution.

The task of the last century was to secure and consolidate our political democracy, and it has been left to us to work out this "freedom" in the economic field. Whatever may be decided in the international sphere, the final test of our success or failure must be at home. Merely to hope is a counsel of despair. We must act. As a modern thinker has said—"Freedom alone among the ends men seek, has the ability, where the need of its service is imperative, to give the quality of heroes to the common men who answer its call."

I. F.

## "Now then, what's all this about?"

In its notes on Scouting the *Liverpool Echo* of March 11 announces the retirement of Sam Davies from the police and tells this jolly story of how he came to be Scoutmaster of a Toc H Troop in Liverpool: "One night when on patrol P.C. Davies saw a chink of light coming from the upper room of a building which was officially recognised as empty. His investigations led him through a dark stable yard and up to a loft. The moment he thrust his head into the room the lights went out except for a tiny oil lamp. The constable had dropped in at a Toc H meeting at the exact moment that the Ceremony of Light was being performed. Explanations naturally followed, and, to cut a long story short, he was so interested that he went to a Toc H meeting and then started a Scout troop as his job of service to Toc H. He has turned out 18 King's Scouts. Retirement time has come, and Sergeant Davies returns to his native Wales."

# THE FESTIVAL OF THE L.W.H.

*The eighth Festival of the Toc H League of Women Helpers was held in London on March 4-5. A full report appears in a Festival Supplement to* THE LOG, *the L.W.H. magazine, published this month. We print here brief impressions of events on Saturday and Sunday by two Toc H members who were present.*

## Saturday : Thanksgiving and Festival Evening

THE League of Women Helpers followed the traditional method of beginning their Festival with a Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication which was followed by the Festival Evening. As far as I was concerned they were original in that both these events took place in the Albert Hall with just a very short interval between. The Service was conducted by Miss Freda Brooks and the Revs. F. E. Ford and Herbert Leggate and the Blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of London. Her Majesty The Queen, Patron of L.W.H., arrived just before the service started.

After a break of about fifteen minutes the bearers of Standards, Rushlights and Lamps could be seen filing on to the platform; the Festival Evening had begun. The list of new Lamps gives some idea of the way in which L.W.H. is spreading. In addition to many places in these Islands one noticed Brussels, Buenos Aires, Santiago, while in New Zealand and South Africa a number of new Branches had been formed. When all the bearers had taken their places H. M. The Queen walked across the centre of the hall to the platform preceded by Arthur Pettifer (The "Gen.") carrying the Prince's Lamp. Once the platform was reached the audience showed in no uncertain manner their pleasure at Her Majesty's presence; there was terrific cheering and then words of welcome from the Founder Pilot of L.W.H. Miss McFie carried out what must have been a very difficult task with great skill, and managed to get away from stiffness and formality.

In her reply Her Majesty said :—

"Once again we meet in this great hall for the festival of the League of Women Helpers, and I as your patron rejoice to know that the League continues to go forward.

"These last twelve months have seen two developments which I am sure will help the League's efficiency. The first is the gift of the Crutched Friars House, which now provides the League with a centre in London, a heart from which its activities can radiate outwards to all parts of the country and oversea. The second is the division of the United Kingdom into six Regions, with a whole-time member of the staff in charge of each. These six Regions will eventually be still further subdivided as staff and funds allow. But as it is, this dividing up of the work makes it easier to plan regionally, and gives proportion and stability to the whole.

"You will probably have heard that the special effort which the League is making in Felling-on-Tyne to alleviate some of the problems of unemployment is fulfilling its purpose in increasing measure, and it has already provided training for the first League of Women Helpers' student in social service. Such training will be asked for, I hope, more and more by League members as time goes on.

"It was your Founder Padre who said that there has never been a great revival which has not first begun among a group of ordinary men —and women, I would add. (Laughter.) But these ordinary men and women must fit themselves in so far as lies in their power for the tasks that confront them.

"This is a difficult time for the nation as a whole, and I have been struck by the fact that it is those who are busy helping others—and there are many—those who have some definite bit of constructive service on hand, who are showing the qualities we need most to-day—namely, courage and steadiness of purpose.

"You members of the League of Women Helpers have the opportunity of showing by your service for others the way of courageous and useful living, and I would like to think that by so doing you may inspire others to follow your example. I am so glad to join with you to-night in the Ceremony of Light, and I want to assure you that in the coming months my thoughts will be often with you in your work wherever that may be."

Then followed the ceremony of Light taken by the Queen, who first lit the tapers with which the Lamps and Rushlights were kindled. Afterwards Her Majesty left the hall, again walking slowly through the standing audience. As she left the platform she turned and waved, with a charming gesture which has grown familiar, to those sitting in front of the organ, and the cheering rose to its climax when she turned again at the exit door and waved once more to us all.

*The Queen lighting the Prince's Lamp*

The singing at the Festival Evening was in the hands of a double quartet of the B.B.C. Singers conducted by Leslie Woodgate; they contributed groups of Madrigals and Folk-songs and during the Service sang excellently a setting of the *Benedicite*. All their singing was very lovely but the large hall was against complete enjoyment of it, for even on the first tier the softer passages were almost lost. This building is no place for the "still, small voice"—or is it perhaps that, like a lot of other things, our hearing has deteriorated in this age of mechanical devices? Mr. Woodgate also led community singing.

The speaker was Viscountess Davidson, O.B.E., M.P. Those who were at the Guest-night at the Albert Hall in December will remember that on that occasion Viscount Davidson spoke, and from his wife we heard the same sincere plea that we should not be afraid to profess and practise our religion in the ordinary associations of every day.

After the war, she said, we had looked forward to a period of peace and happiness, but now there was no peace or tranquility. Crisis after crisis, anxiety, wars and talking of war; money spent on armaments in all directions; jealousy one people of another; hatred, misunderstanding. And all over the world the same question was being asked—Why? Was it not that perhaps we were to blame because standards had been lowered, that we had lost some of our ideals and had allowed selfishness to get on top instead of unselfishness, and were concentrating on things that did not matter and letting go those which mattered?

After emphasizing the responsibility of women, as the trainers of the young, in the social reconstruction of the world, Lady Davidson said that democracy was laughed at by many as an old-fashioned system of government too slow for these modern, speedy days. They who believed in it had to show the world that democracy was above all a system under which citizens were willing to give of their very best. "If you take with one hand," she added, "you must give with two, and you must set an example to the rest of the world."

Mrs. King, Chairman of the Central Council of L.W.H., thanked all those who had helped to make the Festival a success, and then Family Prayers led by Padre Kenneth Bloxham, Southern Area Padre of Toc H.

I was interested to discover that this was the eighth Festival L.W.H. have held. As it was the first I have had the opportunity of attending, I cannot say how it compared with the others, but if they were any better they must have touched a very high standard indeed. J. H. M. S.

## Sunday Afternoon: Family Gathering

As befitted a solitary male, I entered the Seymour Hall on Sunday, March 5, for the L.W.H. Family Gathering with a due measure of humility. This was the climax of the Festival and a huge crowd of between two and three thousand listened with enthusiasm and attention to Robina Countess Mountgarrat, who opened the meeting and read messages of good wishes from the four corners of the earth.

The L.W.H. Founder Pilot, Miss McFie, expressed her gratitude for the manner in which the L.W.H. Festival had grown from a small meeting to the magnitude of the Albert Hall, but it must be a gratitude based on the principle that " Festivals are ordeyned to serve God onlie " and not a spreading out of empty pride. She believed that the L.W.H. Festival had served that true purpose, and expressed the thanks of them all to the Festival Secretary, Mrs. Caporn, and her assistant, Mrs. Mallinson, who had rendered its fulfilment possible.

Miss Wheatcroft then made the work at York House, Felling-on-Tyne, unfold itself before our eyes. It was an interesting and detailed description of the work done for, and by, the wives of unemployed men and by unemployed girls. Nothing seemed to be missing from the extraordinarily varied curriculum—dressmaking, cookery, 'keep fit' classes, rug-making, holiday centres and a dozen other occupational activities. This speech made a deep impression and the job seemed to teem with further possibilities, which, with the backing of the Tyneside Council of Social Service, were rapidly being turned into probabilities.

Toc H and L.W.H. members of Broxbourne, Hoddesdon and Hertford then presented a 'Fantasy' entitled *Joyful Light,* in which fitting tribute was paid to the work of religious Orders in England in the fifteenth century. The typical incidents in the Franciscan Friary at Ware, for instance, indicated the manner in which victims of leprosy in this country were succoured.

After home-going prayers, when I found myself outside again, I realised that I had been in the presence of a force. McC.

## Tubby's Message

The Founder Padre sent a message to the Festival from India, where he is now travelling. Unfortunately it arrived too late to be read to the members assembled. Its text is as follows:—

> Our prayers at present are (apart from India and Tower Hill) mainly for the Two Festivals —Australia at Hobart starting on my Mother's Birthday (February 29—as you know well) and terminating on March 4, the day of days on which Her Sacred Majesty comes to Light Lamps well-earned by cheerful teams of women members of the Family.
>
> The Queen is sacred in no formal sense. It is not a mere phrase: it is the truth. No one who saw her grave sincerity when she received her Crowning after Prayers most truly said, and followed by Communion, could fail to recognise what now is shown in quiet, forthright Scots sagacity at every stage of her unending duties. She does not come with pomp; she comes with blessing.
>
> The League of Women partners in Toc H, as I consider they might well be called, are colleagues of the men in the endeavour to build not only bravely, but securely; so that the fruit remains, immune from fading. It is a sacred work we have in hand, and we must lay our plans before our Lord, not as an emotional exercise but as a step essential to well-being. Prayer and Communion are not safety-valves; they are the very force behind the piston.
>
> I therefore am rejoiced that Crutched Friars stands where it does, and that its workers love St. Olave and All Hallows. May God's blessing be richly poured upon the Festival.
>
> TUBBY.

# THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

*Many listeners to the National broadcast on Sunday afternoon, February 5, heard* HUBERT SECRETAN'S *voice. We believe they will be glad of a chance to read what he said and that others will welcome it for the first time. He was giving the fourth talk in the series "The Church and the World" and his subject was "*Environment." *Members will recognise that, though the name of Toc H was not mentioned, its "gospel" was being preached by the Hon. Administrator. We publish the talk with acknowledgment to the B.B.C.*

HAVE you ever observed an irate gentleman in a railway carriage hit his unoffending newspaper a resounding smack and demand to know "Why can't the Church stick to its proper job, attend to men's souls and leave politics and business alone?" It is no answer, even if it be true, to suggest mildly that his two rounds of golf last Sunday may not have given the Church much chance to do its proper job in his own case. Churchgoer or not, he sincerely believes he is asserting an unimpeachable principle. If he is right, then the subject of this talk can be disposed of in a single sentence—The Church is not concerned with the environment of men's lives. But is he right? There are others who hold precisely the opposite view. You may hear it perhaps on the swaying top deck of a crowded evening tram. Out of the haze of tobacco smoke comes some such remark as this: "What I says is, the Church is no use to the likes of us. It's no use telling a man that if he's good he'll go to heaven when he's sweating on the top line to hold his job and has got no security for his missus and no chance to give his kids a decent start in life. Let the Church see to things like that and I'll listen to it." These are not class views. Each is to be found in every walk of life.

They bring us up against a contradiction. Can we get past it? Only I think if we are prepared to enquire a little more deeply than either of our supposed ordinary citizens into the nature of man. The gentleman in the railway carriage is really asserting that the innermost self, with which Christianity must be concerned, can be separated sharply from all the complex environment, social, political and material, in which its life is lived. If any age should find it impossible to accept this doctrine, it must surely be our own, when the attitude to life of whole nations of men is being palpably affected, for good or for evil, by the mass influence of their environment. In more easy-going days it was a comfortable philosophy that if every man pursued assiduously his own individual happiness, there must result by simple aggregation the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It sounded all right so long as you treated each individual as insulated from every other. In point of fact he was not; what he did in his pursuit of happiness affected others at every turn. And so, as the late Dr. Hastings Rashdall used to say, the more you look into this philosophy of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the more it proves that the greatest number is invariably Number One. The Church, therefore, must be concerned with the environment of people's lives for the very reason that it is deeply concerned with those lives themselves. It is told of Studdert Kennedy that he was once asked to speak at a public meeting, politics and religion barred. His reply was characteristic. "Religion is the relationship between God and man, politics is the relationship between man and man. If you rule those out, what is there left to talk about?"

The Church then can never accept a view of life that tries to separate off regions

of man's activity from the purview of religion. If it is told that business is business, it must reply that the standards of human conduct in business affect individual lives and therefore it is concerned. If it is told that such and such ways of acting are the requirements of a national ideology, it must return the same answer.

### Ourselves and Others

But does this view drive us to the position, which seemed rather to be implied by our friend on the top of the tram, that the Church must adopt, both nationally and internationally, a political programme of its own?

The Church can never be totalitarian in the sense that it requires every member to hold the same identical views on questions of a social, political or economic nature. What it does and must require is that in framing his views and acting upon them, every Christian man should realise and accept responsibility for the effect of the action he supports upon the lives of others.

I ought here to make clear what I mean by the attitude of the Church. I do not mean what the Vicar says from the pulpit. I do not mean the pronouncements of any hierarchy. I mean simply the attitude of mind that is implicit in the faith of the whole body dispersed throughout the world of men and women who, whatever their denominational allegiance, are sincerely committed to the attempt to interpret life in the light of the revelation of Jesus Christ.

The Church, in this sense, cannot be indifferent to the environment of individual lives. Aristotle long ago asserted the fundamental social nature of man when he said, "He who is in no need of a society in which to live is either a beast or a god." The statement of the same truth in the light of Christianity is to be found in St. Paul's description of the body of Christ. And the assertion of the kind of society towards which the Church is committed to work is summed up in his words "Whether one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; or whether one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

But if what has been said above is right, two important consequences follow. The first is that every one of us must remember that we are ourselves part of the environment of other people's lives. The extent to which we affect them may be small or great, temporary or permanent. The mother of a family is often herself a far more important element in the environment of her children than any of their material surroundings. Even where the relationship is quite a temporary one, at the counter of a shop for instance, responsibility for our part in someone else's environment is real and important. A harassed ticket collector in a holiday rush at London Bridge once bore unconscious testimony to it. He was brusque with a passenger and the passenger remonstrated. Instead of becoming abusive, the collector just said, "Well, I'm sorry. Fact is they ought to put an angel on this job, not a man." These are trivial illustrations but they serve to make the point that each of us in part may be an important part of the environment of other people, and for that we have our responsibility.

The second consequence is different but equally important—that we cannot at one and the same time claim recognition for the Christian belief in the importance of the individual, and disclaim the personal responsibility for our own lives which is its logical consequence.

It is most important to be clear about this, because therein lies the answer to the accusation that, in concerning ourselves with the improvement of environment, we are doing that most unchristian thing, un-

dermining personal character. So long as we realise that personal relationships are the most vital part of environment and that those relationships depend in the long run upon individual sense of responsibility, we are on sure ground. The sweeping away of bad material conditions falls into its right place as an adjunct to, and not a substitute for, the building of character. Let me try to illustrate. I lived for many years in South London. I saw there housing conditions that could only be described as a reproach to God and man. I am thankful to say that many of the worst of these have now disappeared. But many of my best friends are men whose boyhood was spent under those conditions. I have never ceased to be amazed at the way the conditions were surmounted. I have no doubt as to the reason. It was due to that combination of personal self-respect and neighbourly solidarity which I have stressed—character and the sense of community. It is unhappily true that too often the provision of better housing has taken into account only the material problem and has failed to build a community of persons. In this kind of situation the Church, by insisting on the true bases of human life, may make the difference between true and false progress.

But if the Church is to do that, it must be quite clear that the responsibility for environment it asserts is one which all classes share and to which all classes contribute. Gone are the days when responsibility was thought of as that of one class, sincerely but narrow-mindedly providing the lesser opportunities appropriate to another. It is unthinkable that anyone today should echo the sentiment of one of Isaac Watts' lesser-known hymns—

"When e'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see.
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?"

## 'Mass Pressures'

Why stress these outworn things? First, because it needs to be recognized that greatly as opportunity has spread, and enormous as are the improvements in conditions over a wide range of the population, every such improvement carries with it an increased responsibility for the use that is made of it. Secondly—and this is vital because the environmental pressures which are being felt so seriously to-day affect all classes of the population—mass pressures are everywhere. Let me give you a simple illustration.

Have you ever stood in a Saturday afternoon football crowd, with thousands of other decent and good-natured people, and discovered to your horror that the pressure of the mass is causing you to voice opinions on what ought to be done to the referee or an opposing forward, which would really be more appropriate to the jungle than to civilised society? In this case it doesn't matter much. You are only having your bit of fun, and half an hour later you will be walking soberly home, laughing at yourself. But the pressure, while it lasted, was real; and it should serve to remind us of the far greater pressures which, often without our knowing it, our surroundings are constantly exercising on each one of us.

The pressure of a mechanical job, which in some ways affects the blackcoated worker more than the artisan, is only one of many. The pressure of vast aggregates of population, in which the individual seems to lose his identity, is another. The pressure of publicity, driving us to accept an outlook on the world or to regard it as axiomatic that we must indulge in a particular food, drink, or patent medicine, is another.

But the pressures that concern our amusements are equally great. The mass influence of the cinema is enormous. It

may be and often is of great educative value, but the attitude of passive receptivity which it encourages in its millions of adherents is a factor to be reckoned with. The thousands of hours that are spent every week in filling up football coupons seem to me—I may be wrong—to be marked by as flat and colourless a similarity as the sixpenny postal orders that accompany the results. Wrestling with the intricacies of fruit machines produces as drab a level of mental lassitude as is to be seen and felt—*experto crede*—round the tables at Monte Carlo.

These and many more are the mass factors in present day environment with which we need to be concerned. They are not to be dealt with by moral pronouncements. To a great extent they are symptomatic of something much deeper, a profound boredom from which they offer a meretricious escape.

In the face of circumstances such as I have lightly sketched, it seems to me just nonsense to say that the Church is not concerned with the environment of men's lives. These lives are being impinged upon by powerful forces, the result in the main of technical development which has increased enormously man's power to influence and control the lives of others, without any commensurate growth in the moral stature of those who exercise it; so that only too often they know not what they do.

### 'The Supreme Unifying Force'

In such conditions it is vital that Christianity should reassert itself as the supreme unifying force alike in the life of the individual and in that of the community.

How is it to be done? I can only point to two factors in my own experience which seem to me to give some indication of the way. It has been my good fortune for many years to be associated with two kinds of social experiment. One deals with adolescents, the other with men. But both have certain features in common. Both lay stress on the spiritual values in life. Both base themselves on the two points I have tried specially to emphasise, that individual character and the recognition of oneself as a vital element in the environment of other people grow together and nourish each other; both have found in the small unifying team, working together, the answer to man's isolation and helplessness in the face of mass pressure. It is along such lines, and not along the lines of a formulated social or political programme that the influence of the Church has to be exerted.

It is vital that the Church to-day should not allow itself to be driven into the position of standing by the road-side criticising life as it passes by but unable to influence it. It is a restless crowd that passes along the road, each man moving because all around him move, but dimly aware that he has lost all power of direction and control. It is no use the Church shouting at the crowd. What it needs to do is to thrust in amongst the drifting mass many and very various individuals who have learnt the discipline of team work and know that, under God, men so working can once again master the blind forces of their environment. There are many such teams at work, adding neighbourliness to housing, or purpose to leisure, training boys or helping themselves and others to think straight. Most of these teams are playing short. Perhaps you are just the man—or woman—needed to complete a team. Your joining in will infect others with new courage. It was not for nothing that the earliest name given to Christianity was *hodon*, the Way. To-day the way is overgrown. But it can and must be cleared again so that our fellow-men shall be able to find and use it.

# Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer!

Frühjahr 1938

Herbst 1938

Frühjahr 1939

Herbst 1939

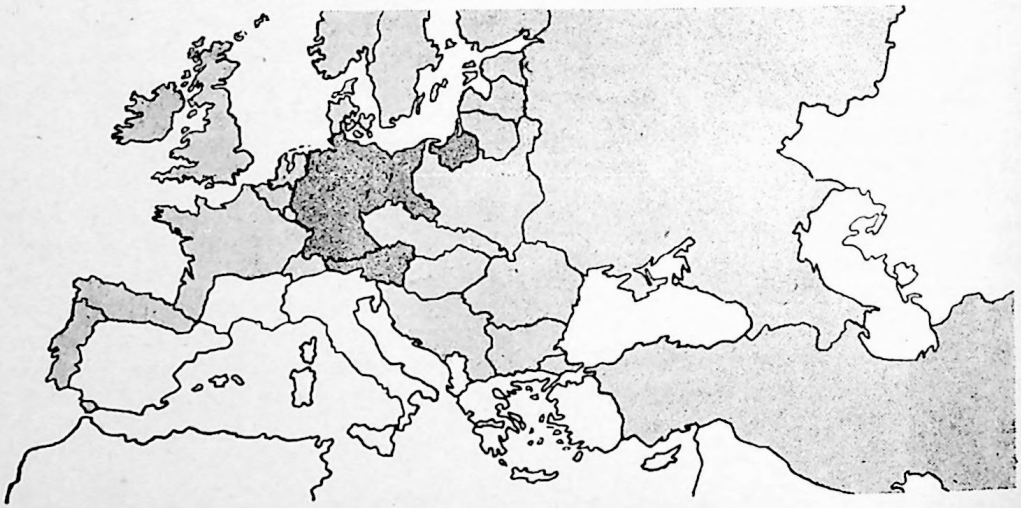
Frühjahr 1940

Herbst 1940

Frühjahr 1941

Herbst 1941

# Groß-Deutschland 1938-1948



# Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!

# ON MAPS AND DREAMS

*Any opinions here expressed are personal, not 'editorial.'*—Ed.

CARTOGRAPHERS are having a hard time of it just now. The men who draw maps and the firms which publish atlases have to wait on the political map-makers and cannot predict from day to day what the boundaries of Europe will be and for how long. Moreover, drawing maps, which used to be reckoned a pretty exact science, stating cold, verifiable facts, has now been invaded by "ideology," passion and prophecy.

There lies before me as I write a *Kleiner deutscher Geschichtsatlas* ("Little Atlas of German History"), published in 1937 by Runge of Berlin. It was presented by its author, when on a visit to the Old House at Poperinghe, because he thought it a suitable gift to an Englishman—as indeed it was. The first map in it shows where Germany, in its various degrees of "Germanity," lies in Europe. What is shaded as "integral German civilisation" (*geschlossener deutscher Kulturboden*) on this map includes, for instance, two-thirds of Switzerland, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxembourg, much of Czecho-slovakia, patches of Hungary, Roumania, Poland, etc. Another map, which marks the "frontier of the German language," includes in it still more of Switzerland, the whole of Holland and the Flemish half of Belgium. This atlas is, in fact, an excellently devised little propaganda book, with very pointed political notes printed below the maps. And any visitor to Germany who looks much in shop windows or browses in bookshops may see for himself how powerful an instrument of propaganda maps can be made. The map of the British Empire, coloured fiery red, in an English schoolroom serves, of course, the same purpose—with the difference that one represents a fact, the other a desire, a dream not yet fulfilled.

### The Map-maker as Prophet

What the visitor is not likely to see publicly exhibited is the propaganda map reproduced (rather less than half-size) on the opposite page. For this was circulated strictly among the "faithful" of Herr Henlein's party in the Sudetenland during the long agitation (if you like that word) which eventually led to the handing over of the western frontiers of Czechoslovakia to Germany under the terms of the "Munich settlement." It was found in circulation by the Czech police, and the copy I reproduce was lent to me by a British observer, on the spot last Autumn, into whose hands it came. This is very prophetic geography, so prophetic as to be unlikely to be taken as gospel by the scientific cartographer, but it is well calculated to nourish the dreams of young and ardent National-socialists.

The map, or series of maps, is very simple and scarcely needs comment, but perhaps the translation of the "captions" would help. It purports to show the programme of Great Germany (*Gross-Deutschland*) from 1938-1948. At the top of the sheet appears the motto of the Third Reich—*One People, one Empire, one Leader;* at the bottom the familiar refrain of the national anthem—*Germany above all!* The eight little maps which occupy the top half of the sheet show stages of growth in the new German Empire, the process of enlarging the boundaries fixed in 1919. Thus the first small map (*Spring*, 1938) shows Austria added: that was punctually done. The second (*Autumn*, 1938) shows the whole of Czechoslovakia

added: that was timed for September, but, as we all remember, was interrupted by "Munich" which handed over only the essential natural defences and broke the main internal communications—the rest was punctually done on March 15, 1939. The third (*Spring*, 1939) shows Hungary added: whether the programme is to be punctual here the next days or weeks are likely to prove. The fourth (*Autumn*, 1939) shows Poland added; the fifth (*Spring*, 1940) Yugoslavia. The sixth (*Autumn*, 1940) shows Roumania and Bulgaria added—and, at the moment of writing, it looks as if the schedule might here be anticipated: already the German-Roumanian treaty signed on March 23 reduces Roumania pretty completely to a German vassal state. The seventh (*Spring*, 1941) is particularly interesting to us, for it shows the "rectification" of the Western frontier: Switzerland, the northern half of France (for the other half, see the final map), Belgium, Holland and Denmark are added. The eighth map (*Autumn*, 1941) shows a return to the East (the western front presumably being now secure!): the enormous resources of the Ukraine, deep into Russia, are added.

And now, in the lower half of the sheet, comes the final map, which is to put all our atlases hopelessly out of date. The stages between 1941 and 1948 are left to the imagination, but, to say the least, they must be foreseen as busy, unrestful years! Europe in nine years time from now is to be the property of the two "Rome-Berlin axis" powers. Their shares are significant: one would say there is to be a senior and a junior partner. Germany holds European Russia, Central Europe, the Balkans, the North of France and Low Countries, the Scandinavian countries and all the Baltic, and, of course, the British Isles. She holds also the French Atlantic coast, the North of Spain, Portugal and Gibraltar—in other words she controls the Atlantic and the western gateway of the Mediterranean, and also the route *via* Turkey and Asia Minor to Persia and India. Italy seems free to enjoy the "Mediterranean basin"—the South of France, a good piece of Spain, Albania (this looks a little mean on the map), Greece, a small slice of Asia Minor, Palestine and presumably the whole North African coast. With that the Duce might, or might not, feel happy.

The first stages of this time-table, as we all know, are reached or under weigh. Not one of us believes, at the moment, that the whole of it—or even much more of it—is likely to be achieved. Whether we are right or wrong the surviving historians in 1948 will be able to determine. All we are quite sure about is that before 1948—or indeed the end of 1939—much will have happened, and that we ourselves will be vitally concerned in it.

### "Such stuff as dreams are made of"

What really matters about this map (which would disquiet serious and far-sighted Germans as much as anybody) is that it is a "dream-map"—and dreams are unaccountable and may be very dangerous things. "Deutschland" is a mystic name to a German, as "England" is to an Englishman or, possibly even more, "Scotland," "Wales" or "Ireland" to our more mystical fellow-islanders. "*Deutschland*" means (more intensely than ever in Nazi teaching) "*Das deutsche Volk*," for which "race" is not an exact translation: the word has no precise counterpart in Anglo-Saxon "mysticism." Everyone of German parentage, even of German ancestry, is conscious, or has to be made conscious if possible, of his responsibilities to "*Das Volk*." When I was living in Berlin in 1905 my host, a most intelligent physician, once asked me "What is the second city of the German Empire?" "Ham-

burg," I replied at a venture. "No," he said, "Chicago." He returned my smile at this, but he was more than half serious. The "hyphenated-American" (as he came to be called in the War), however loyal a citizen of the United States, is expected to remember that he belongs to "*Das Volk*." Most of "*Das Volk*" in Central Europe is now upon what my little atlas calls "integral German culture-ground": the Saar and Austria and Sudetenland and now Memel have, in the German phrase, "returned home" to the Fatherland. But there are exiles, according to Nazi thinking, still waiting to be redeemed—the German Swiss, the South Tyrolers (it is a bit awkward to remind Mussolini of that yet), the people of Holland and Flanders whose language is a "German dialect," the people who inhabit Denmark, the home of the "*Urgermanen*," the original ancestors of the Germans. And overseas the Germans in Brazil, the Argentine and Chile, in the former German colonies in Africa, everywhere in the world, are now organised (many willingly, the rest constantly under pressure to obey) by leaders of the exiled *Volk*, appointed by Berlin. On ships at sea, lying outside the three-mile limit of foreign shores, these "*Auslandsdeutsche*" (Germans Abroad) record their votes as citizens concerned with the home affairs of the Fatherland. The dream of a complete, united *Volk* is undying.

### Over the Line

So much for the map of German Central Europe, four-fifths complete in area—the other fifth would cost countless lives to complete. But what about the extension of the boundary beyond anything which is German in race, or even in sympathy? Hitler has just put his foot—for the first time, if you like—outside the chalk line into "foreign" country, the home for fifteen hundred years of an extremely proud and tenacious Slav people, the Czechs. He is on the frontiers, if not over them, of other ancient nations. The question is no more academic, but vital, full of immediate and terrible danger to us all—not least to the German nation, in which millions of thoughtful citizens, desiring peace above all things, watch with mounting anxiety events they seem utterly powerless to control.

Again an old dream leads them on; another "mystical" idea comes into play—the idea of German *Kultur* ("culture" is a most inadequate translation), the sacred mission of the German *Volk* to the world. Our own Imperialists, who are stirred deep down when the history of British world-conquest is remembered or even the word Empire mentioned, ought to have no difficulty in understanding this part of the German dream, for their own came true long ago. Behind the feeling of inferiority after defeat, the desire for adventure and an outlet for immense national vigour, the necessity for more space, better markets and "a place in the sun," there is a dream—*Kultur*, an empire of German civilisation. The risks are as enormous as the attractions—Napoleon was not the only conqueror who found that out. But men will risk more for an idea than even for any material gain. Motives are usually mixed, but the dream outlasts all others.

In connection with the stages of realisation which we watch with such anxiety at the moment on the map, there is another very old phrase—*Der Drang nach Osten*, in crude translation "The Push eastwards." It was very old in 1905 when I saw Prussian officers, who were among my friends in Berlin, grow mystical when they pronounced the words and discussed the inevitable idea. The Berlin-Bagdad railway, the way (like that of Alexander the Great, another dreamer) to India, the "Push eastwards"—that goes deep in the German

mind. It is perhaps akin to the urge that has sent men out to discover America, to reach the Poles, to stand on the top of the highest mountains. The "Push eastwards" has a new and urgent economic significance to-day, for Nazi Germany, with her doctrine of national "self-sufficiency" badly needs, and indeed must have, within her borders the oil-wells and minerals of Roumania and the inexhaustible wheatfields of the Ukraine if she is to approach the impossible ideal of becoming an absolutely self-contained nation. But beyond all severely practical considerations there lies the dream. "When we speak of new territory in Europe today," says *Mein Kampf*, "we must think of Russia and the border States. Destiny itself seems to wish to point out the way for us here." We are watching the deliberate, admirably organised first stages of this part of the German "destiny" to-day.

### Nothing new

The origins of what we are witnessing are, therefore, not new. These ideas have been incorporated in National-socialist "ideology," they sway the political thought and action of the Nazi party. They are implicit—and often explicit with most brutal frankness—in Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, the Bible of the Third Reich.* But that turgid, terrifying book is in very few things, perhaps in nothing, original in its philosophy; it is a restatement of old ideas for a particular purpose, the assembling of explosive thought for a quite definite programme of action, stage by stage. Before the War I remember with what absorption and excitement our delightful household in Berlin used to read and debate two fat volumes called *Grundlage des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts* ("Foundations of the 19th Century"), by a rather queer ex-Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. To-day he is declared one of the major prophets of the Nazi *régime;* his thought runs through *Mein Kampf*—for the divine nature and mission of the Nordic race is his theme. The suppression of the Jews and the destiny of the German *Volk* to remould the map of Europe and beyond, are ideas which go back, past him also, to much more distinguished and less fantastic German thinkers. To examine that would take us into deep waters of philosophy and history.

### The Dreamer

"Hitler," said a German who knows him to me the other day, "is a Dreamer—he would step off the roof into mid-air to reach his desire. In his own phrase 'As a sleep-walker (*nachtwandelnd*) I go my way to the goal.'" A hundred years hence, says *Mein Kampf*, there will be 250,000,000 Germans in Europe and "every descendant of our race" shall then have "a piece of soil he can call his own." A grandiose dream indeed—but where?

To return to our map. Ideologies, mystical ideas, dreams count more even than economic necessity in the making of maps. They made the Roman Empire among others, in the past, they made the British Empire in the past and present, they seek to make the Great German Empire in the present and future. May I say, at the end of this superficial note, that, considering the age and persistency of the dream, the temperament of the new Dreamer and the circumstances since 1918, the surprising thing is that we are so surprised at what is now happening on the map.

BARCLAY BARON.

* Hitler has not hitherto allowed a complete translation of his book into other languages, and in the English versions 'awkward' passages have always been softened or omitted. But recently two American publishers, defying the German copyright law, have issued complete translations in English. And an English firm, Hurst & Blackett, has just brought out an 'uncensored' translation (8s. 6d.).

# THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

## From the East Anglian Area

MANY far-reaching changes have taken place since the last news of the Eastern Area was included in the Family Chronicle. The Area itself as such has, indeed, ceased to exist and the two members of the Staff who had been responsible for it for so long have gone. To Ronald Wraith in South Shields and to Colin Marr in Exeter we would say a very warm 'Thank you' for all of their efforts in the past and God-speed in their new spheres of work for the future.

What, then, is happening now? Headquarters (how we love to use that name to indicate those who guide and control Toc H from 47, Francis Street!) have seen fit to experiment upon us, and we are not a little proud of being so chosen. Certain parts of the old Area have been transferred to the Northern Home Counties and the East Anglian Area has been created and given the glorious opportunity of showing whether it may not be possible to run some of the Areas at home with voluntary help, and so free the whole-time men for the bigger tasks of Toc H in other spheres. We were left, therefore, with eight Districts in East Anglia, comprising 43 Units, and voluntary workers to do as much as possible towards welding them into a unified whole. (May I say, in parenthesis, that this job is made infinitely harder when letters remain unanswered and reports, etc., remain unsent; and make a *special* appeal to all to do their bit in this way towards making the machinery run smoothly?) The District Teams themselves have assumed new responsibilities, and much depends upon them. Unit visiting, of which Ronald and Colin did so much, cannot now be done except, in the main, by the District Teams, and it is to them that the Units must look more and more. Knowing that this would be so, we endeavoured to build up the new Area Executive from District Officers, so that they, planning in the Area, could go back and work out the plans in the Districts.

The start of our experimental period was, unfortunately, marred by the international situation. We (the Executive) had planned to spend a week-end together in which to have an opportunity of getting to know each other, and of looking at the task ahead; this week-end, however, had to be cancelled. We have since then had three meetings, and *do* begin to feel that we are becoming a unified team, doing our bit for the Area and the Family.

Now let's have a quick look at the Area itself. Lack of personal knowledge prevents me writing as Ronald used to do, but one gathers grains of information (and wisdom!) from District Teams, some of which one sees, and from all of which one gets the records of meetings. *Norwich* held another very successful annual meeting, this year in the ancient Guildhall, and the Hon. Administrator managed to fit in a long-delayed visit to coincide with it. The attempt of *Cambridge* at publicity in this direction had to be abandoned, after all arrangements had been made, again because of the crisis. Districts have nearly all had their Guest-nights, and one revived the 'Training Week-end,' of which we seem to have heard very little recently. It is pleasing to record that *Bradwell, Brandon* and *Sheringham* have been promoted to Branch status and that *Tiptree* has been recognised as a Group of the Family. We are hoping for something permanent to materialise at Bawdeswell and Arlesford from meetings of interested fellows now going on. Jobs, too, await the doing, at Ely and Newmarket, and as we have contacts at both places it is to be hoped that Toc H may germinate and grow there also. It is the responsibility for this expansion work that must more and more fall to the lot of District Teams, and thus the expansion of the Movement is very largely in their hands.

In order to attempt to cope with the constantly-moving part of the Family, and those who are unable to take a full part in our activities, the Area has given the job of looking after Area General Members to one man. He will have the not easy task of trying to

be Secretary to a widely scattered Unit, which can scarcely hope to get its members together for a meeting. If, in addition to this one man, all Secretaries will see that movements of members are notified to Headquarters and the nearest Unit to which the member is going, or the General Members' Secretary, no one ought to feel that the Family is neglecting him.

What of the jobs—the service that Toc H is rendering—in the Area? Here again, lack of personal knowledge makes it difficult to write; much good work other than that mentioned is, I'm sure, going on—work which attempts to express the real spirit of Toc H, which is surely the test that should be applied to all that we do under the name of 'jobs.' *Chelmsford* and *Norwich* are two of the few places in East Anglia I think with prisons among their Civic buildings; in both places an immense amount of good work is done in visiting and after-care work. Blood-transfusion is a popular form of service; teams of men in many places in the Area quietly ready to give their blood to save a life. A pleasing thing to note is that parts of the Area seem to be awakening to our responsibility to 'do something' about the Leprosy Campaign. Norwich District have been working for it for some time; now *Cambridge* and, I think, *Ipswich* also, are starting to arouse interest in B.E.L.R.A. in their own localities, and I hope that other parts of the Area will follow suit. *Clacton* do a big job for the blind each year. The Branch works hard to raise the cash and then entertains a number of folk under the Holidays for the Blind Scheme; this year 33 blind people and their guides were given a really good holiday. Christmas parcel distribution is another means whereby very many Units in the Area endeavour to bring a little cheer and friendship to a large number of poor families. One other side of our service which should not be overlooked, I think, is that of A.R.P. work. It was quite a marked feature of the Service Return which Units were asked to make early in the year, and showed that nearly a third of our membership in the Area had volunteered in one direction or another.

The Area Bursar has not left Districts and Units unmindful of the need for the recruitment of more and more Builders. It is refreshing to see the results produced by some Districts in this direction, but our efforts must not slacken until *all* Units can produce a substantial list of Builders. The Bursar lays emphasis on the need to find more of the smaller—i.e. 2/6, etc.—Builders, on the principle that it is better to have eight half-crowns and eight interested people than one pound and one interested person. All strength to the arm of the Unit that has set itself the task of recruiting one hundred Builders in the 'small' category!

Such, then, is a rather limited and incomplete review of the 'baby' Area and its activities during the past year—I hope the baby will have gone from strength to strength before we next appear in print! It will be impossible to make personal contact with all parts of the Area, but if news items can be sent from time to time it may be possible to produce, in twelve months' time, a more complete picture of our little part of the Family.

A. F.

## From the Queensland Area

The largest tract of land with the least number of Toc H units. This would probably describe to you how we feel about our wide open spaces in Queensland. For a bare statement, this sounds bad, but here is what it actually means. An Area, eleven and a half times the size of England and Wales, with a population of 983,000, of which 310,000 live in the capital city of Brisbane. From the point of view of commerce and communication with the other states of Australia it is in a most excellent position, but for administrative purposes within the State it is about as awkward as it could possibly be. One has long and, if one has to depend on the Queensland railways, often uncomfortable journeys to reach the other parts of the State—all sane Queenslanders travel by sea or by air. Being State-administered, the railways are able to use the caption, "Use the

railways—you own them." No one seems very anxious to enforce that ownership. However, they are often the only means of bringing the primary products down to the ports and coastal towns, and considering the terrific distances they have to cover, they do it surprisingly well. The upkeep of thousands of miles of lines is high, and when only one or two trains a week are necessary over a particular stretch, it makes a heavy output for little return.

## A little History

To read through a history of the early days of Queensland, one cannot help but be amazed at the intrepidity and perseverance of the early pioneers. John Oxley first landed on the site of the city-to-be of Brisbane in 1823, and now to-day she takes her place, with pride satisfaction, among the modern citi world, the majority of which were nturies before Brisbane was even th A million pounds was v had to leave She has the world, c River. emarkably fine her wealth to the countries of the world. Her tram service, for those who like trams (and you have to if you live in Brisbane) is second to none. In her city streets, named after Kings and Queens, she has tried out every type of architecture known to man; the result is odd, but not unpleasing to behold. The modern trend leans to the American, and that not only in architecture.

Such names as Bligh of the Bounty, who landed on Cape Yorke, the most northern extremity of this State, in 1789; Matthew Flinders, who some ten years later landed in the most southern corner, some 2,000 miles away, and named it Red Cliffe Point, which to-day is used as a holiday resort of the tired city workers; and the men who took to the inland trail—Burke and Wills of Innimincka fame (where to-day beer is 4/- a bottle), and whose exploits through the Western country to Normanton in the North make thrilling reading; Leichardt, who tried to find a Stock Route over the Great Dividing Range, and for whose remains they are still looking; Bob Towns, who founded that wealthy port of the North, Townsville, to which went James Burns and Bob Philp to open a general store. Both dour Scots, they built the firm of Burns Philp, which to-day is a name to conjure with in the world of commerce and shipping. So we could go on filling pages with names and exploits of men who have helped to put Queensland where it is to-day. A rich State with a great future.

## Round Toc H

Much of this early pioneering spirit came into Toc H when it was first started in 1925 after the visit of Tubby and Pat, and that same spirit is still with us to-day. Over the years, though there have been no spectacular leaps in the number of units, or in the size of the membership roll, there has been a steady and ever increasing knowledge of Toc H in all parts. It is a story of big hearts taking on and accomplishing big jobs. In a country where men seem to be always on the move, it is hard to establish anything permanent. A fine young unit in the mining town of Mount Morgan had to close its doors almost overnight, on account of the sudden failure of the mine, which was the sole livelihood of the small band of inhabitants. When a gold mine gives out, that's that, and men do not hang around; they move to new hopes. This has happened not once but several times, but we live for the future, and hope for better things. During the last few years, we can look back and see progress all along the line. Last year there was an increase in the membership of 70 per cent. and of one Group and three "gropes." Good contacts established in important centres which should mean the beginning of Toc H units this year. Great strides have been made by those already existing. *Toowoomba,* started at the instigation of one Neville Elliott —who is taking a trip to the old country this year, and is looking forward to meeting many of the readers of this article—is bursting the walls of its meeting room and will have moved, by the time this goes to press, into more palatial quarters. Apart from the

exceptionally fine fellowship that is so apparent when you walk into their meeting, they are justifying their existence by running a thoroughly efficient blood transfusion service; by taking the lion's share in keeping together and building up a camp for "swaggies"; by supplying hundreds of toys, made by their own hands, for poor children at Christmastide; and running a debating team and taking a very active part in the work of extension in their district. On top of all this they contribute no less a sum than two pounds per head per annum to the Area purse. They deserved to increase their membership from fourteen to over thirty in the last year. With the exception of *Ipswich*, which is the new group and had its Rushlight presented in 1938 and is only 28 miles away, Towoomba, a hundred miles out on the Darling Downs, is the nearest unit to *Brisbane*.

In the capital city we have the oldest unit in the Area, running a large and very efficient library in the biggest hospital in Australia.

*Brisbane from the top of the City Hall.*

Like all other units, they have played a stirling part in the extension field, for it was their men who went out into the suburbs to start new units. That it is harder to get anything going in the city than in the country is an established fact, and they are finding it a tough job, but hopes are high and when the pioneering spirit comes to the fore something is bound to happen.

Up the coast and after the first 130 miles we reach *Gympie*. The smallest unit in Queensland but not too tiny to raise £250 and undertake the establishment of a complete wireless equipment for the local hospital. Gympie had its day in the good old mining times, and when gold failed, turned its attention to the land, and it is now rising to its second dawn. It has the largest butter factory in Queensland and some of the finest dairy country. When you wish to go anywhere in this ghost of a bygone town, the laws of gravity and of Gympie compel you to go either up hill or down, for there is not an inch of flat land for miles around. On to *Maryborough*, which is as flat as Gympie is hilly, and everyone rides a bicycle and works in Walkers, the biggest privately owned foundry in Queensland, or in Wilson Harts, the most modern electric sawmill in the Southern Hemisphere. Here is the largest Toc H unit, famous for its doctors and its service. The Queensland Bush Children's Scheme, that splendid movement which brings the children from the hot, dusty far-western plains for holidays at the seaside, was started by Toc H, and this unit, together with *Rockhampton* and *Townsville*, make the helping of this deserving cause a very large part of their activities. Men from this unit often travel the 400 miles to Brisbane for Executive meetings, and they have further shown their Area-mindedness by their splendid contribution of £150 to the Area purse. They have just been re-granted their Branch status for a further term of three years—and well they deserve it. It is a great unit and was started by that inimitable pioneer, 'Dad' Sykes, a New Zealander, who is determined to put Toc H on the map in every town that he goes to. We could do with a few more men with that same spirit.

So we come to *Rockhampton*, five miles on the wrong side of the Tropic of Capricorn. The train approaches the town

through its main streets, with noisy whirling propellers and ringing gongs at each intersection, but you meet the real "Rocky" when you are induced to take a ride, preferably to their magnificent Botanical Gardens, on their steam trams. The origin of the latter is shrouded in mystery—some say they came from France after the Napoleonic Wars, the wits will tell you they came from Wigan. Wherever they came from, their days are numbered, for they are to be replaced by modern trolley buses this year. In 1854 Charles Archer discovered the site of the present town and the richness of the surrounding country, watered by the Fitzroy River and many other smaller waterways, quickly attracted pastorilists and publicans. Gold was their aim but they turned to rich pastures and to-day the huge Lake Creek meat works is evidence of the thriving plains west of the town. Here the story of Toc H is one of perseverance and 'stickability.' Ten years ago they started. Nine years ago they applied for Branch status; the Australian Guard refused them; they applied twice the following year and were again refused. They are yet a Group, functioning and working soundly, still with some of the men who originally started it. They should be applying for Branch status at an early date—this is the best news that one can give of these stout lads.

We now take a flying leap of 600 miles to *Townsville,* one of the finest ports of North Queensland, with an annual turnover of over £7,000,000. Two large meat works and the fattening lands of the Lower Burdekin, between the Leichardt Ranges and the sea, at hand for the cattle when they come in from the western stations. What more could a town need for its prosperity? Its streets are named after the Australian explorers, Flinders, Sturt, Wills, etc., with cross streets named after the coastal explorers, Stokes, Stanley, Blackwood, etc. The Townsville Group, the most distant unit in the British Empire, and again a very old one, has fallen on hard times in recent years, suffering mostly from a surfeit of transfers, but here, as in other places, their very small band of men is never found wanting when the time comes round for the summer camp for the Western children. This year they are taking seventy for over a month, and at the time of going to print it seems likely that a permanent home will be established in that centre. Geographically, Townsville is of very vital importance to the development of Toc H in the northern part of this very large

*Gumtrees on the shore at Pialba.*

Area. We have established good contacts at Cairns, Mount Isa and Ayr (you will need to have a map at your side to follow this soon). With a strong centre at Townsville, we could make a move to develop and establish Toc H where it has never set foot before. With glorious Magnetic Island only a few miles off the coast, they have the finest setting for week-end camps, etc., that any unit could wish to have. To come down the coast through the Whitsunday Passage with its famous islands of Linderman and Day Dream, and further South, Silversmith, Anchorsmith, Blacksmith, Anvil, Hammer, Forge, Bellows, Pincers, Goldsmith and Tinsmith (these must have been named by a Northumbrian), is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Linderman, now de-

veloped as a tourist centre, attracts hundreds every year to explore the beauties of the coral reefs and to ride on turtles' backs *à la* Rougemont. A none too easy job, for you have to know all the tricks of a broncho buster and more besides.

This, then, is a bird's eye view of the Area of Queensland, where so many are striving to put Toc H right on the map. As space does not permit one to go on indefinitely extolling the beauties and the possibilities of this fine country, this must draw to a close, not before, however, a word has been said about our President, His Excellency, the Governor, Sir Leslie Orme Wilson. At the Area Council meeting held in November, he addressed some seventy Toc H'ers who had gathered together from all over the State, and sent them home inspired with a determination to set Toc H even more firmly in the hearts of men in the coming year. Throughout his term as President, which has been for many years, His Excellency has given unstintingly of his time and energies by visiting units, attending meetings and being ready always to give thought and advice on Area problems. He has given the position of President very high standing and it is largely through his unceasingly active association with the movement that Toc H in Queensland is where it is to-day. We have to thank him for much, and to him we owe a very great debt.

M. F.

## From the East Yorkshire Area

"The North is stubborn soil. I do not think Toc H will perish where it penetrates."—"Tubby" in March JOURNAL.

In so far as it is possible (see *A.R.P. Handbook*) Toc H has penetrated into the soil of Hull in the form of a first-class Mark, soon to be officially recognised as Mark X. Gradually we hope that this house will make its presence felt in the life of the citizens of Hull. For the present we are content to strengthen the ties between the house and the units in Hull and District. Further, we hope, by various Guest-nights and Lectures, to extend the scope for friendship among the large number of people in the locality to whom, like some of the Membership, Toc H is still an enigma (or "a puzzling or unaccountable phenomenon," as the dictionary would have it).

During the past year the membership has shown an increasing interest in Boys' Clubs and two new clubs have come into existence through the activities of *Beverley* and *Cottingham* Branches. We commend to all East Yorkshire members who are interested in Boys' Club work, the splendid and practical advice from Alec Gammon recorded in last month's JOURNAL.

Other developments in the field of service which arrest attention, reach us from *Sandsend* Branch—where the members conceived the idea of safeguarding life by the provision of a Surf Boat, manned by one who keeps a watchful eye on children bathing and playing during the summer months at this delightful seaside resort. During these busy months, when usually no meetings are held, Sandsend members also met weekly for a course of ambulance instruction—an example which commends itself to other units. This Branch also produced a Nativity Play written by one of the members and is busily engaged at the moment with a Passion play for Easter in the Village Church.

During May and June the members of Wolds, Hull and Ouse Districts spent a boisterous but enjoyable time at Training Week-ends, and the ideas put forward in these sessions have made a great contribution to the life of those units which were represented. More will follow this summer. We are indebted to Geoffrey Johnson for leading the week-end at Howden.

We congratulate *Selby* upon their promotion to Branch status and look forward to their taking a wider responsibility in the family affairs of the District and Area. Would that other units which have laboured so long under the appellation of "Group," would kick out of the "groove" which in a few years becomes the grave of Toc H hopes,

*Scarborough Branch throws a Children's Party, January, 1939.*

ideals and ambitions in the locality where such units exist! Within two or three years a group of men should be ready for recognition as part of the world family of Toc H. Far too much time, energy and money is spent on nursing warm corpses. Even if a unit dies it has served some good purpose if it has produced and inspired a few men either to greater activities in the community or within the family of Toc H. We are looking especially to the District Teams to be jealous for the name of Toc H. As a tree is known by its fruits, so shall the branches thereof be recognised.

Three new outbursts of life appear in the Area. New "Gropes" are in evidence at Driffield, Church Fenton and Linton-on-Ouse, where R.A.F. members are making a lively and joyous contribution to Toc H life. Quite a new spirit and enthusiasm has been aroused in the wilds of East Yorkshire where these itinerant members have penetrated, and we hope that three Groups of adventurous spirits will soon have Rushlights.

After a brave struggle, during which *Howden* Group has supplied good material to this and other Areas, the members have decided to join up with *Goole* Branch for the time being, and have handed in their Rushlight. *North Ferriby*, too, has ceased to "exist." Another change is the merging of Hull and North Humber Districts, now known as the Hull District. This is a temporary measure which we hope will break down parochialism in those units on the fringe of Hull, and develop a wider idea of the Family. After a short period we hope to divide these units on a new basis.

We were very grateful to Howard Dunnett for conducting a week-end at the new Mark for R.A.F. Members. Howard is also speaking at the Ouse District Family Night this month. Jim Burford gave an inspiring tho' belated talk to the members of Whitby District early in March. We are grateful for these two for sparing time from their own Areas to assist East Yorkshire, but we might show our appreciation in a more practical manner

at Guest-nights by placing invited speakers earlier in the programme.

*Hull members entertain the crew of a food-ship for Spain.*

By far the outstanding ach[illegible]ent in Hull District was the corporate [illegible] running a Showmen's Tent at the [illegible]. It was a job really well done [illegible] moved by those who did [illegible] service, wh[illegible] interest, [illegible] enthusiast[illegible] side even as [illegible] first attempt the[illegible] diture, and we showed a deficit of £9, which was promptly met by the generous support of Hull Rotary Club, the members of which are now helping us with books for the Hospital Library. There is, however, still much for the members in *Hull* to do in the matter of help at the Mission to Seamen, speakers for the Prison and Boys' Club activities.

Somewhere about nineteen hundred years ago a new movement began to make its presence known in the world. The members of this new movement were enthusiastic for the things of God, and service for their fellow men. This enthusiasm inspired men of all ranks to join, but among them was a man and his wife who pretended they were pulling their weight and putting all they could

*Seen on an East Yorks Pilgrimage: The "Holy Family" on the Grande Place, Poperinghe, at the Feast of St. Jean de Pop[illegible] procession*

into the movement. They knew they were acting dishonestly and hoped they would get away with it, but they became spiritually dead. Surely this is one of those things "which was written aforetime for our learning," and should be a warning to the modern Ananias that we sometimes find in our own movement.

H. B.

## From a Leper Colony

Here is an extract from a letter recently received by 'Sargie' at the Overseas Office from Michael Rees, one of the Leprosy volunteers, stationed at Oji River Settlement, Nigeria. It gives in a few words an idea of the spirit of the job, its difficulty and its rewards.

". . . I write also to tell you how extremely happy I am here—I think you will be interested to know that, regarding me not as an individual, but as another Toc H job. I am in charge of agricultural and industrial pursuits; I often call them other things. The work is intensely interesting and one has the continual feeling of achievement—which, after all, is the greatest spur to further effort. You can imagine how good it is to see farms of orange, yams, corn, where hitherto was only bush. I have labourers to the tune of about 200. But 'labourers' is a misnomer, for the majority of the people are so pathetically maimed and weakened by leprosy that they

can do little more than just walk. Many of them cannot do that. And they are so tragically grateful for anything one does to help them; which makes one's efforts seem pitifully inadequate. And they are happier now than they ever were—despite their affliction. For they have been shown a God who is kind and helpful; not a series of gods, obstructionists and defeatists. People talk a lot about the contented lot of the native in his own surroundings. We have many 'heathen' here and I find that their lives are so bound and constricted with tabus imposed to respect some particular 'god' that they live in continual apprehension, fearing that even an accidental breaking of tabu will lose them their all. But it is changing. I supervised the burying of a man the other day; a pagan, and I was there for "hygienic" purposes. Much to my surprise, and some consternation, I was asked by his pagan family after the native ceremony, to say a prayer over him. I say consternation, for I was quite unprepared for such an eventuality."

## A DINNER AT THE MANSION HOUSE

THERE are, as every member of experience is aware, Guest-nights *and* Guest-nights. This one, in the opinion of a guest who knows what Toc H evenings are like, was "the best Guest-night" he had ever attended. It was held at the Mansion House in the City of London on February 28, and took the form of a dinner over which the Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Bowater, presided. In a company some 350 strong there were a number of Toc H members and a much larger number of guests—a proportion rare at Guest-nights (where guests are sometimes very hard to find) and well worth emulating elsewhere now and again. A list of their names would be too long for this page, but it would be found to contain many names deservedly well-known. Not the least interesting was Monsieur Lahaye, son of our old friend, the Mayor of Poperinghe, and Madame Lahaye, who charmed all comers.

The object of the evening was to tell those who did not know already (as many did) something about Toc H and enlist their help in its further building. They were told that it needed £30,000 for two specific purposes—to provide a new Headquarters, on a site already generously given by Lord Wakefield, and to increase the amount available for the appointment of whole-time staff, among whom, as members know, the axe has lately had to be busy. The guests were given a chance to do what they liked about this during the evening, and at the end of it the Lord Mayor was able to announce that the total amount received, in cash or promises (not counting the gift of the site for Headquarters) was £4,420. A good beginning.

A dinner—like any other Guest-night—implies speeches. They were few and good.

The Hon. VINCENT MASSEY, High Commissioner for Canada, proposed the toast of "Toc H."

> He began with a tribute to Tubby. Many people knew, he said, that the idea lying behind Toc H was conceived by a man whose vision was unfading and capacity for work phenomenal—and the combination of vision and hard work was a fairly good definition of 'genius.' Toc H, created in England, had a personal character—for this Island was "the very citadel of the individual." Toc H had never become an institution, it remained a community of like-minded men. It was natural that he should go on to speak of its growth in the British Empire. Toc H belonged to Canada and to other British countries oversea in just as full a measure as it did in the land of its birth, and it performed a service which its founders could hardly have foreseen by being a unifying force, through personal contact, among the communities of the Empire. Toc H reminded them of the fact that all human problems were, at bottom, personal problems; it believed that through personal association the estrangements, bred of ignorance and prejudice, between nations, and groups within a nation, could be overcome. From the bottom of their hearts they wished it well.

HUBERT SECRETAN, Hon. Administrator, replied to this toast. He spoke of the specific needs for which Toc H was now appealing.

> "Through the great generosity of Lord Wakefield," (he said), "who has given us the site, we have now a unique opportunity to provide a headquarters equipped in every respect to fill that Imperial need. In the heart

of this City, upon Tower Hill, where so great a part of our nation's history has centred, that hill now cleared and cleansed by the generosity of its citizens from the accretions of ages, stands the Toc H Guild Church of All Hallows. To that spot Toc H men come in gladness from the ends of the earth, feeling that they are indeed coming home. Nearby, upon the site that has been given us, we may, with your help, from henceforward unite the mind and heart of Toc H across the world. We need for this building £20,000, of which we have in hand a legacy of £1,000, a generous gift of a like amount, and there are a few other gifts already promised in connection with this dinner.

"Such a workshop must have its workmen. The vast bulk of Toc H leadership is voluntary. But to be kept fresh and fully effective it needs a tiny corps of devoted full-time servants. Last year the members, and our old standing friends whom we are proud to claim as the Builders of the movement, met within £400 the whole cost. It meant much real sacrifice, but it was done. Yet those of us whose proud anxiety it is to plan for Toc H, day in, day out, know the risks we are taking. We carry no reserve. There are pioneering posts unfilled, and we are straining some of our most devoted men beyond what is fair or right. To make that good we need, spread over the next three years, another £3,000 each year. Those, my Lord Mayor, are the facts of our appeal. £30,000 in all is needed to equip Toc H fully for its task.

"And the task itself? Men have learnt at long last that the price of freedom is not merely eternal vigilance, but the constructive effort of friendship and the unstinting readiness to serve. Toc H is pledged up to the hilt to spread both. Indeed for that purpose it exists."

LORD GORELL also responded to the toast in a warm speech.

He said he spoke as one of the diminishing band of Foundation Members, that is, one of the old Army who knew the Upper Room in the original Talbot House in Poperinghe. At the time he commanded the platoon in the 7th Battalion, Rifle Brigade, originally commanded by Gilbert Talbot, in whose memory the House was started. To explain Toc H to those who came after was no easy task. Toc H was a spirit, 'the spirit of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks during the Great War'—that was its essence declared and proved; 'to preserve and transmit' those traditions of fellowship and service was the task to which its members all over the world were dedicated. He quoted the Four Points of the Compass, as the basic principles upon which this world-wide organisation of fellowship and service had been reared, and gave some account of the many and varied ways in which members were serving their generation at home and abroad, on sea and shore, in town and country, and, not least, in leper colonies. He spoke of the dominant need today, in an age of pressure and distress, mental and economic, for spiritual power, and emphasised the soldier spirit, the absence of pomposity and fuss, the recognition of the balance of humour and gravity which has always been the driving force of Toc H. He claimed that it was an organisation worthy to be understood and supported by men, by all of good will and public service; it stood, above all things, for those qualities comprised in the grand, but little used, word, manliness, and he wished all success to its appeal.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, as a President of Toc H and one of its oldest friends, proposed "The Guests."

He remarked that it had been sometimes said by superior persons that Toc H sprang from and carried with it the traditions and spirit of the Great War, and therefore must be regarded to-day as out-of-date.

Personally he was grateful that the movement thus carried on the spirit of the War, for that spirit was never more needed than to-day. During the War there was in their midst a spirit of service and self-sacrifice, which lifted the level of our common life to a higher point than it had attained before or since, and he wished that spirit was active and powerful to-day as we faced this most bewildering modern world.

Toc H, combining seriousness of mind with a certain gaiety of heart, had a spirit of its own. He felt it in the Old House at Poperinghe when he conducted a service in the chapel on the very eve of the Passchendaele fighting, and it was a spirit which was needed in this new world.

"Let us keep a courageous cheerfulness and gaiety of heart among all our problems," said the Primate. "At a time when people are saying very true and valuable things about moral rearmament, the special merit of Toc H is, that it is concerned about *doing* things."

On behalf of the guests Mr. R. B. BENNETT, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, replied. And then General Sir CHARLES HARINGTON proposed the health of the Lord Mayor.

This brought the programme to an end. The atmosphere of the whole evening, it was generally agreed, had been pleasantly informal and markedly friendly in spirit. Many of those present were well-accustomed to 'City dinners,' but in this one they seemed to find "a little something the others hadn't got." It was noticed that long after the proceedings were officially over, people lingered to chat informally instead of snatching their hats to go home.

# THE OPEN HUSTINGS

## Simplification of Toc H Machinery

DEAR EDITOR,

Bob Canning & Co. have revealed a problem which has been simmering in the minds of some members for a time. Though I cannot agree with their remedy, this disagreement is in method rather than principle.

My diagnosis, for what another point of view is worth, is this. How often does experience prove that once Branch status is achieved, the adventurous and pioneering spirit departs leaving behind a company of men 'given to good works,' reaching middle age prematurely; by the simple expedient of skipping the stages of early manhood; by the establishment of routine and a failure to attract men. This is not true, of course, of all Branches or even of those which are inclined to rest after their achievement. It is true only in degrees, changing with the personnel of the Branch. But once established, it is hard to drive out tradition, and a fear to be thought original hinders efforts to rejuvenate the life of the Branch.

The fault, I believe, primarily lies in the false regard prevalent of the achievement of Branch status. The superficial and material changes on promotion from Group to Branch are not justified by the abstract challenge to greater responsibility. This nebulous challenge has precious little enduring significance to a Group on promotion. It realises its advancement by various signs—a change of name, the granting of a Lamp, the power to elect members of Toc H, to have a more intimate say in the election of a Central Councillor every two years. But what must it do to justify these outward and visible signs? Greater responsibility and the maintenance of the Lamp make an inspiring noise, but there's nothing it can do really more effectively than when it was a Group. So, to justify themselves, and it seems quite a natural and human thing to do, they tend to adopt an air of maturity and wisdom which sits ill on young shoulders.

The remedy seems to be the elimination by every means possible of any thoughts of promotion. Avoid any progressive step in their life being regarded as promotion. Let a new beginning meet first as an informal body for a specified period, long enough for them to see the right road ahead and the light through the maze of learning Toc H. At the end of that period let them be recognised officially and automatically as a unit of Toc H. Don't let's bother about their standard of knowledge. None of us is perfect, and I defy anyone to lay down a standard of intensity of Toc H life to which members, individually and corporately, can subscribe.

What shall this official state be called and what symbol shall be given? The name seems to me to be immaterial, and there should only be one symbol, again immaterial. Personally I favour, for artistic reasons only, the retention of the Lamp, but there may be difficulties here, mainly financial. The loss of Lamps might mean a loss of publicity for what it is worth, though (endeavouring to be fairminded) Rushlights might easily acquire at some future date an equal reputation for 'remembrance.'

Yours,

*Worcester Park,*
*Surrey.*

L. WHEATLEY.

* * *

DEAR EDITOR,

It was courteous of you to print in the March JOURNAL an extract from a letter of mine on the above subject, but unfortunately you prefaced the extract with a short quotation from a later letter of mine in such a way as to give the impression that my doubts on the wisdom of maintaining both Branch and Group status had been set at rest by the plans of the Central Guard of the Lamp published in the February JOURNAL.

This is not so. I am quite convinced that not only the working units of Toc H but also the members of Elections Committees and Guards of the Lamp would be able to use their energies far better if the proposal to abolish Branch status (or Group status—it is

immaterial which) suggested in the excellent letter from Bob Canning and his Birmingham brethren could be put into practice. For years we have spent far too much time worrying about the innards of Toc H instead of concentrating on our main job.

"A Member in Another Area."

*Manchester.*

## National Service

Dear Editor,

Your editorial comments in the March Journal on this subject, although couched in sound diplomatic language, fail, I think, to make it clear that a member of Toc H, having considered the types of National Service for which the Government is appealing, may well decide to answer that appeal with a definite No. Our main job is, after all, Service for God's Kingdom, and National Service must be subservient thereto.

There are thinking members of Toc H who regard National Defence as being quite distinct from and (for themselves) inconsistent with any service they may be rendering in the other categories 1 to 3 and 5 to 11 on the Return recently completed. Such members may fairly feel that National Service as at present defined is openly an integral part of a "preparedness for war" policy and as such may be good patriotism but is unlikely to lead to the reconciliation of man with man and nation with nation.

Yours sincerely,

*Manchester.* Charles Walmsley.

## Parcels for Palestine Troops

Dear Editor,

Referring to the letter from Harry Moss published in the March issue of the Journal, I have to point out that whilst I have been given certain facilities among the staff of my own Company, I cannot undertake to handle parcels from all parts of the country. Would you, therefore, publish a note in a prominent position in your next issue pointing out that the statement was unauthorised and inviting Branches to send their parcels direct to Harry Moss.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. Elliott.

*Sec., Britannic House Toc H Circle.*

[*Under the heading "An S.O.S. from Palestine," Padre Harry Moss appealed last month for gifts of reading matter for the British soldiers, airmen and police, especially in hospital and in dangerous isolated posts, in Palestine. The address of the Rev. Harry Moss is Iraq Petroleum Company, P.O. Box 309, Haifa, Palestine.*—Ed.]

## Acknowledgments

We make grateful acknowledgment this month to Mr. J. Hardman, Kendal, the photographer of the frontispiece; to *Punch* for permission to reproduce the verses and drawings (which appeared in its issue of February 15) facing page 115; to Central Press Photos for the photograph on page 118; to Victor Hey, Scarborough, for that on page 135; and to those members who have sent us the other pictures used in 'Around the Map' and 'The Family Chronicle.'